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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



HOWLETT AND MILLER: WE'RE TRADING SHORTSTOPS

It has been said in the past that a photograph of the publisher appears in this magazine exactly twice—once when he comes and once when he goes. It was three years ago that my picture first appeared in this space, along with that of departing Publisher Kelso Sutton, who reported that my career as a shortstop had ended in my freshman year at Northwestern because I couldn't hit the curve.

It is now my pleasure to introduce another former shortstop—Bob Miller, 34, who this week takes his place as the ninth publisher in SI's 29-year history. Born in Los Angeles and raised mostly in Darien, Conn., Bob is a graduate of Williams College and of the Columbia Business School. He joined Time Inc. as a financial analyst in the controller's department in 1974 and became manager of international operations of TIME-LIFE Books two years later. He moved to SI, as business manager, in 1979 and was named general manager a year and a half ago.

Bob has played a major part in implementing many of the innovations that have helped to make the last three years the most successful in the magazine's history. We have increased our circulation by 175,000—from 2.25 million to 2.425 million copies that now reach more than 13 million adults. We have completed our transition from the

letterpress printing process to the more versatile offset, which has allowed our editors greater flexibility in covering late-breaking events and has also made it possible to publish even more four-color photographs. Two years ago SI started running color on all but a few of its pages, and plans call for a 100% color magazine as of Sept. 5. Also, in the last three years we have increased the number of editorial pages by almost 200 a year. This includes our special football issue begun last year but does not count the Year in Sports issue, or—a project that Bob has coordinated

from the start—an extra issue scheduled for next summer that will preview the Olympics in Los Angeles.

Though Bob's career on the diamond ended, like mine, in his first year in college, it was no fault of his bat. He hit .275 at Williams and then drifted out of baseball into other sports. At Salisbury (Conn.) School he had hit .350 in baseball, captained the basketball team and, until he broke his back in his senior year, quarterbacked the football team.

I am moving on to assist Kelso as executive vice-president of Time Inc.'s magazine group, which is in his charge. In that capacity I will oversee the business affairs of four of Time Inc.'s eight magazines—FORTUNE, MONEY, LIFE and DISCOVER—direct development of new magazines and, of special interest to me, continue to examine reader attitudes about our publications through consumer research.

Bob and I share many feelings about the role of the publisher, but none so completely as our dedication to our readers. Their interests, I know, will be served by the new publisher—a publisher, I might add, who can hit the curve.

Philip D. Howlett

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OnTheScene

by ROB EATON

A JOG UP A MOUNTAIN AND BACK CAN LEAVE YOU WITH A RUN-DOWN FEELING

It is July 17, 1982 and the day has dawned clear and calm, but here in Silverton, Colo. at 9,302 feet, the temperature has dipped into the 40's. The alarm goes off at 6:45 and I struggle out from under the covers and stand at the window looking south at the mountains enclosing this small valley in the Rockies. Peering up I see the summit of Kendall Mountain, 13,000 feet high, where I hope to be in a couple of hours. My stomach pitches at the sight. The room is chilly and I am nervous, so I begin to dress, trying to select the right combination of clothes for what I have come to refer to as "the ordeal." I settle on a T shirt, turtleneck, shorts, socks for feet, socks for hands, and a pair of durable running shoes. I do a few push-ups and sit-ups to awaken my muscles, hit the bathroom and then head off for Greene Street, the only paved road in Silverton.

The ordeal is the annual Kendall Mountain Run, in which, for no apparent reason, people run some six miles—and 3,800 vertical feet—up a rocky road out of town, scrambling madly to the summit of the mountain, and then descend by the same route. Compared to other Colorado mountain races like Imogene Pass and Pikes Peak, Kendall is shorter and steeper. Note that it is called a run, not a race. The sponsors deliberately downplay the competitive aspect of the event. Some good runners come in for Kendall, but by and large the competitors are from the Silverton area.

As my girl friend, Becky, and I go to the starting area I chatter away, trying to vent nervous energy and in this way assuage my doubts about the venture.

"Tell me again whose idea this was."

"Yours, dear."

"Well, it was a bad one."

And, "If my mother were here, she wouldn't want me to do this."

And finally, "I realize now that I

don't have to go through with this thing I don't have to pit myself against that mountain. I don't have anything to prove to anybody."

But of course I do.

Becky just smiles.

Greene Street is alive with runners warming up. We walk quickly to the ice cream parlor to register, then sit on a sidewalk bench in the sun while I pin my number to my shirt. Kendall is one run still so informal that preregistration isn't necessary. I stand up and stretch for a few minutes, deciding that if I'm going to run 13 miles I certainly don't need to jog to warm up. In the next block some 120 competitors are massing in the street for the start. I sigh and go to join them.

ILLUSTRATION BY PIERRE-ANDREAU



Bill Corwin, a lawyer in town who organized the run in 1978, is going to run the mountain, as he does every year, and is telling us newcomers about the course. He describes, with obvious relish, its dangers: the dearth of oxygen at this altitude, the snowfields and steep scree slope near the summit and the possibility of dangerous late-morning thunderstorms. In the event of the last, he tells us, we can go to the summit if we want. "But I'm not," he adds ominously.

I ask the fellow next to me about the course. "Are there any flat stretches?"

"The third mile isn't too bad," he says agreeably. I embrace this nugget of information and immediately distort it. The third mile suddenly becomes a smooth, gradual downhill, a mile in which I am magically refreshed halfway up the mountain.

"But once you pass an old boxcar," he continues, "that's when the going gets tough."

With little fanfare the run begins. We glide slowly off the mark in an amorphous blob, nobody doing better than 6½-minute miles, even on this flat first half mile. We turn right and cross a wooden bridge over the Animas River, splash across a couple of cold overflow creeks (this water was snow only hours ago) and abruptly begin the ascent. I am in about 20th place and holding my position, doing what I guess to be nine-minute miles.

Two hours is considered a good time for the run. The course record is 1:38:42, set in 1981 by Ned Overend, a triathlete from nearby Durango. I hope to average 10 minutes a mile going up and to come down in 45-50 minutes for a final time of 1:50-1:55, but I'll be happy with anything under two hours. Miles are not marked, so the runner must gauge his own pace.

We climb steadily around the western shoulder of the mountain under the shadow of aspen and Douglas fir. Snowmelt flows in a little stream that meanders from one side of the road to the other, and our shoes get wet. About two miles into the race I realize that I'm not going to be able to run the whole way, even at a 10-minute pace, and I begin to worry. The road eases slightly.

I slow and shake my arms at my sides, vainly trying to loosen them. The road begins to switch back and forth, the curves steep, the straight stretches less so. The boxcar appears where it should, at about the three-mile mark, and it occurs to me the third mile wasn't particularly easy. By this time I've resigned myself to walking, although I am embarrassed to do so. I glance behind me to check for witnesses. The six people running in strained slow-motion behind me and the last switchback don't seem interested in what I'm doing. Suddenly, without my

continued

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even deciding it, both my feet are on the ground at the same time. I am the first kid on the block to walk. I worry about this until the road curves left and I am looking up a steep hill on which everybody in sight is also walking. I walk 100 paces, jog 100, walk 100, surprised to be gaining on the people in front of me. Eventually even this becomes too difficult. I try walking 200 and jogging 100 and finally am reduced to jogging the shorter, more gradual inclines and walking the longer, steeper ones. At what I estimate to be the five-mile mark my watch reads 54:00. Although the air is still cool, we are above timberline and in the sun on the south side of the mountain, I am sweating profusely. I strip off my turtleneck and tie it around my waist and stuff my glove-socks into the front of my shorts. A hundred yards before I leave the road for the final ascent, the two leaders pass me on their way down. I mumble some encouraging words.

In the last half mile up, we gain something like 400 vertical feet, and at the summit are three women officials who

take note of our numbers. I notice that they are wearing down parkas. I wheeze, stare vacantly at a scenic panorama that should inspire and exalt me and instead I merely touch the stake as they instruct me to do. They laugh at my deliberate movements.

"The view is worth it, right?" one of them asks.

I look at her and laugh. "No."

Distracted thus, my brain only marginally functional, I neglect to check my watch.

Then down, down, down. People barely maintain control on the scree, skidding and slipping on the snow, dodging people coming up, tumbling ankles, almost falling—but, miraculously, they don't. These people are crazy, I think, and so we are. Back on the road again, people are passing me wildly at sub-5:00 paces. Down, down, down. I'm braking for the curves, splashing in the water, tunneling into the trees. Near the boxcar I finally establish a steady pace, with footsteps right behind me. With about a mile and a half to go a runner pulls up be-

side me and we nod to each other. "My name is Joe," he says and offers his hand. Without thinking I shake it and introduce myself. How strange, it occurs to me a minute later, that even here we observe such formality. I'm going as fast as I can safely go, but the descent saves wind so I can converse freely. Coming down the final hill we agree to stride in together, but on level ground—the last quarter mile—my legs quiver with fatigue and threaten to buckle. I tell Joe to go ahead, and slow to a jog. Even so, I pass two runners who passed me earlier and who are now walking in. I finish in 1:58.04 and am elated. The ordeal is over and although my body will suffer the effects for a week, I can now savor the accomplishment. Free beer, a lively crowd, a T-shirt and a thunderstorm that materializes out of nowhere. The Kendall Mountain Run is over for another year, until July 16, 1983. We're ready to go home.

"Tell me again why I wanted to do this," I ask Becky.

She just smiles.

I suspect I'll be back.

END



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ART TALK

By LISA TWYMAN

AT THE GAMES NEXT YEAR, THERE'LL BE AN ARTS FESTIVAL OF OLYMPIAN SCALE

Boxing rings won't be the only canvases at next summer's Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Paintings—not to mention concerts, sculpture, opera and dance—will all be part of the Olympic Arts Festival to be held in Greater L.A. from June 1 to August 12. Boxing, an Olympic sport since 1904, predates the art appendage by only two Olympiads. At Stockholm in 1912, competition in the fine arts and literature was added as another means of accentuating the classic Greek ideal of the whole person. Paintings, sculpture, music and writing were judged and awarded gold, silver and bronze medals, just as for the athletic events.

Such competition continued throughout the years at both the Summer and Winter Games, but interest dwindled. In 1936 the artwork was considered so inferior that judges withheld the gold medal and awarded only the silver and bronze. By 1948 medals were no longer given—the competition had become a mere exhibition—which, curiously, seemed to stir interest. The Japanese allocated \$18 million for the exhibition at Sapporo in 1972, and the Canadians \$11 million for Montreal in 1976. The U.S., however, hardly bothered in 1980, putting up only \$246,000 and placing exhibits 40 miles from Lake Placid.

But 1984 promises to be a knockout year. For the first time a private sponsor, the L.A.-based Times Mirror Co., is behind the festival and is providing \$5 million to attract high-quality works of art and performers from the world of music. Included will be Impressionist paintings on loan from the Louvre and appearances by London's Royal Opera and jazz and New Wave bands from the U.S. The Russian Moiseyev Dance Company and 18 other dance organizations, including Twyla Tharp's and the Joffrey Ballet, have been invited.

"We're using the Olympics as an excuse to hold one of the major arts festivals in the world," says festival Director Robert Fitzpatrick. "It will be a celebration—of ears that hear and eyes that see; an intellectual preface and happy introduction to the athletics."

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agreed that the officials were probably wrong and that the TD should have counted. A mildly chastened Logan said he'd spike the ball again if he made such a big interception. But he added, "First I'm going to make sure I'm down."

REUNION OF TWO FAST FRIENDS

"The art of running the mile consists, in essence, of reaching the threshold of unconsciousness at the instant of breasting the tape." So wrote Paul O'Neil in the lead story in the first issue of *SL*, dated August 16, 1954. O'Neil was covering a much anticipated showdown in the mile at the British Empire Games in Vancouver, B.C. between Roger Bannister and John Landy, who shortly before had become the first two men to break four minutes in the event. Before a crowd of 35,000 in Empire Stadium, newly built for the Games, and before one of the first international TV audiences for a sports event, Bannister beat Landy 3:58.8 to 3:59.6 in a confrontation still known as the Miracle Mile.

Bannister, a London neurologist who has been knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and Landy, a business executive in Melbourne, have been reunited several times since 1954, including a joint appearance in Vancouver in 1969 at the unveiling of a statue erected outside Empire Stadium in tribute to their famous race. Last week the two were back in Vancouver for a commemorative event that made those in attendance vividly aware of the passage of time. The Vancouver Whitecaps, the local NASL team, are moving in late June into the city's new 60,000-seat domed stadium, and they were playing their final game in now moldering Empire Stadium. At halftime of a 2-1 Whitecap win over Tulsa, a special mile race was held in which four runners broke four minutes, an occurrence now so common that the next day's story in the *Vancouver Province* didn't mention all the runners' names and times. If the stadium and the mile run had changed, so had the two guests of honor; discussing the statue, Landy said he liked it "better than ever" because "it's still got its hair."

Landy and Bannister exhibited a becoming modesty about their achievements. Landy suggested that interest in his historic race with Bannister had been "a bit overblown," and he declined to make anything of the fact that he ended his career with a better PR in the mile than Bannister did. "People will remember Roger Bannister rather than me," he insisted. "Running is really winning in the ultimate, and he won." For which fact his erstwhile opponent still seemed to be thanking his lucky stars. "Everybody built up the confrontation," Bannister said. "I had great respect for him and knew there was no avoiding it. I just hoped it would be a good race, and then, as soon as it was over, we would be good friends—as we indeed have been."

NONILLUMINATING CONTROVERSY

The question of whether to install lights in Wrigley Field, the only major league baseball park that doesn't have them, is the subject of a continuing controversy that has folks in the Windy City going

continued

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around in circles. On the one hand, Cubs General Manager Dallas Green apparently believes that lights will make his team better; he notes that "constant adjustment from day to night and back" can cause "life-style" difficulties for the players. On the other hand, Green has indicated on at least one occasion that he would push for lights in a big way only if the Cubs became pennant contenders. Which comes first, the better team or the lights? And you thought the chicken-or-the-egg business was tricky.

Adding to the uncertainty is the existence of a neighborhood group called Citizens United for Baseball in Sunshine (C.U.B.S.) that opposes night baseball at Wrigley out of fear that it would increase rowdiness and noise. C.U.B.S. has purchased 300 tickets for a June 11 game against the Cardinals and plans to stage a "No Lights Day" protest demonstration

at the park. Two weeks ago C.U.B.S. Chairman Christy Cressey spoke at a meeting of neighborhood residents and vowed to block the introduction of lights, saying, "Dallas Green doesn't always get his way. After all, he wanted a winning season, and he hasn't gotten that yet."

Of course, the desire for a winning season is exactly why Green says he eventually wants lights. Which brings us right back to where we started on this circuitous journey—in the dark.

TOO GOOD FOR THEIR OWN GOOD

After losing, by his estimate, nearly \$1 million on the 76ers last year, Philadelphia owner Harold Katz concluded that there was only one way to remedy that situation: He had to improve the Sixers enough that they'd win the NBA championship. Thanks largely to Katz's

off-season acquisition of Moses Malone, the 76ers, of course, did win the title, but they may have improved on the court too much, at least as far as the balance sheet is concerned. Katz says Philly cut its losses during the '82-'83 season to "under half a million" but would have gotten out of the red if only they hadn't breezed so easily through the playoffs.

"The team was too efficient," Katz says. "If this series with L.A. [the finals] had gone the full seven, we'd have broken even. And if the earlier series [against the Knicks and Bucks] had lasted a few more games, we'd have made money." Katz was quick to add, "But believe me, I'm not complaining. I'm elated to have that kind of a problem."

In whipping the Knicks in four games, the Bucks in five and the Lakers in four, the 76ers played just seven games at home. Had all three of those series gone the limit, Katz's team would have had five more home games, reaping additional ticket revenue of \$1.6 million. Even after deducting for the league's and visiting teams' cuts and other overhead, the club would have netted enough to end up comfortably in the black.

LITTLE MEN OF CONSIDERABLE STATURE



time at the head of the pack. Two-time National League MVP Joe Morgan is also 5' 7", making him the league's shortest player and second only to Omar Concepcion, a 5' 6" infielder with the Kansas City Royals, as the shortest player in both leagues. All Morgan has done lately is win the 1982 National League comeback-of-the-year award and knock the world champion Dodgers out of the pennant race.

The fact that one of the smallest baseball players could be one of the biggest stars may reflect an inclination by scouts and managers to employ only those short people who have truly exceptional ability. The same circumstances may obtain in the NBA. One of the brightest performers in this year's playoffs was the league's shortest player, the Milwaukee Bucks' 5' 8" Guard Charlie Criss.

And Wake Forest is all excited about a newly recruited point guard who's sure to be the smallest major college basketball player next fall. He's 5' 3" Tyrone (Muggsy) Bogues, and his signing by Coach Carl Toney is no gim-muck. A gifted dribbler and passer, Bogues (shown in photo) averaged 8 points, 8.2 assists and 8 steals per game last season in running the offense for Baltimore's Dunbar, the nation's top-ranked high school team. In other words, he's just another of the many little guys who have reached the heights.

It shouldn't be all that surprising that Teo Fabs, who at 5' 5" shared with Howdy Holmes the distinction of being the shortest man in the field, won the pole position for this year's Indianapolis 500. After all, Indy drivers, like gymnasts and divers, tend to be on the smallish side. More than that, the shortest kid on the block often does remarkably well in sports of all sorts. Lee Trevino and Gary Player are only 5' 7", which ties them with a couple of others as the most diminutive performers on the PGA tour, and they, like Fabs, have spent their share of

INTERNATIONAL RECOGNITION

Ashley Halsey III, a reporter for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, watched Game 3 of the 76er-Laker playoff series on May 29 in the press center at Williamsburg, Va., where he was covering the economic summit meeting. Journalists from the Soviet Union, Kuwait and West Germany were also watching, but their impassive expressions led Halsey to believe that they didn't know what was going on. Then Andrew Toney fired a long pass to Julius Erving, who scored on a dunk. At that the foreign newsmen called out, in what Halsey says sounded almost like one voice, "Doe-torrrr."

THEY SAID IT

- Bill van Breda Kolff, much traveled basketball coach, when asked if he was pleased that one of his players, Bill Bradley, whom he coached at Princeton, had become a U.S. Senator: "I'm disappointed. He should be President by now."
- Berl Bernhard, owner of the Washington Federals, the USFL's worst team, after yet another big loss: "I feel like Job. I'd rather be the phoenix rising from the ashes, but the ashes keep piling up." **END**



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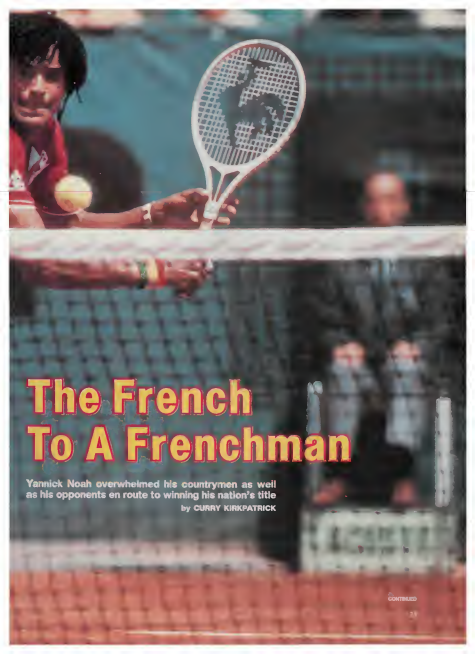
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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 13, 1983





The French To A Frenchman

Yannick Noah overwhelmed his countrymen as well as his opponents en route to winning his nation's title

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

CONTINUED



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE POWELL

that in the quarterfinals to Ivan Lendl, whom Noah now seems to own in big matches—the final was closer than it may have appeared. Noah had an especially easy time in the semis, where he crushed his compatriot, the Jimmy Connors assassin, Christophe Roger-Vasselin, 6-3, 6-0, 6-0 and exhibited his gentle nature. "C'mon Chris, you can do better," Noah mumbled to himself as his poor rival floundered in the dirt.

Against Wilander, however, Noah had no time for sentiment. He revels in the grand occasion, the entertainment of tennis, the show. The 6'4" Noah is the game's most gifted athlete, and fully aware of his great talent, he often struts about and macho-intimidates the fellow across the tape. Wilander, who won the French last year at the age of—what was it, 12?—was hardly scared. He had won love sets in three of his own matches, including a semifinal defeat of Jose Higueras, who bravely battled throughout the tournament with a painful tennis elbow. But Noah imposed his mighty presence on the final from the beginning. Time and again he followed his backhand

Surviving a hair-raising final set against Wilander (below) in the championship match provided quite a tonic for a jubilant Noah.

FRENCH OPEN continued

His likeness is spread across magazine covers, posters and the walls of Parisian girls' boudoirs. He attends lectures on philosophy at the Sorbonne, plays guitar in a reggae band, dates a model from Boulder, Colo., shares a TV variety-show stage with actress Annie Girardot and peers off the box of a popular biscuit. The only product Yannick Noah, he of the *demis* dreadlocks, may be incapable of selling in the Republic of France is hair spray. And now he's the first Frenchman in nearly four decades to win the *Championnats Internationaux de France. Vive le Cameroun.*

It was 11 long summers ago that the frightened little black child left home and family in the tiny village of Yaoundé, Cameroon in central Africa to come to

Paris to learn tennis. He undoubtedly hadn't heard of Rastafarian 'dos back then. But on Sunday, on the sweltering *terre battue* of Stade Roland Garros, a gloriously skilled and Rasta-coiffed Noah, now 23, finally fulfilled his dream with a 6-2, 7-5, 7-6 victory over the young Swedish defending champion, Mats Wilander. When Noah received his trophy from the last native tilist, Marcel Bernard, who won in 1946, it was obvious how much French tennis had evolved. Bernard is almost bald.

Unlike Noah's results over the previous two weeks, in which he lost only one set—





Evert Lloyd, who now has won the French five times, regretted that she didn't get a shot at Navratilova.

the French belonged to the American male contingent as much as they did to Wilander and Noah. Arriving in Paris fresh from his triumph at the Italian Open, 18-year-old Jimmy Arias looked like a contender until he was rudely dispatched by Willie Vilas in the round of 16. Still, Arias' European spring remained the most impressive tour of foreign soil by an athlete from the mangy outskirts of Niagara Falls, N.Y. since Sal Maglie was tearing up the Mexican League.

Then, of course, there were our goodwill ambassadors to the world, Jheemee Konoraz and Jhonn Maceenreau. The *Album Programme* at Roland Garros, a beautiful hard-cover book chock-full of stories, stats and pictures that sells for 25 francs (about \$3.50) and should be required reading for promoters of every sporting event in the U.S., contained a terrific color spread of

scroogy to net for put-away volleys. Up there Noah constantly cheated to the forehand side to intercept Wilander's dangerous down-the-line backhand. A lunging forehand volley at 2-2 of the opening set gave Noah the first break of the match. In the fifth game of the next set, another diving volley got him to break point, which Noah converted. Wilander broke back for five-all with an artistic offensive lob, but in the next game Noah countered with a game-winning lob of his own. He then served out the set by picking off a Wilander backhand.

"It was very strange playing this great final at home," Noah would say later. "I wanted to win so bad it didn't matter how I played, just so I won. But Mats let me play my game. I could stay on the baseline and come in when I wanted."

Noah opened the third set by breaking serve, but then nerves and cramps set in. He looked the weaker player after Wilander immediately broke back and then held his own serve on three Noah errors to take a 2-1 lead. Wilander had two more break points for 3-1, and Noah was moving slowly between points, favoring his right leg. Was he exhausted or just

Jimmy Brown getting up from the gang-tackle? Wilander quickly found out. An ace and a service winner saved the fourth game. Another ace closed out the sixth. A double-pump slam-dunk overhead helped Noah win the 10th set love.

After Noah broke once more with three tough approach shots, the home-court crowd stomped and howled for blood as their countryman served for the match at 6-5. Wilander responded with his best game, absolutely coldcocking two returns that seemed to sail through Noah's legs. But in the tie-breaker Noah kept pinning Wilander in the corners, where he was helpless against the Frenchman's headlong dashes to the net.

Speaking of which, Noah's immediate concern following his victory was for his father, Zacharie, who nearly upstaged Noah *à la* with a 15-foot header out of a box seat and onto the copper dirt. "My first thought was 'Who is that guy?'" said Noah. "Every time he comes here he goes back to Cameroon with more white hair. But now I finally win for my family. Leaving was so very hard. I am happy to show them it paid off."

In certain respects the earlier hours of

Connors embracing his estranged wife, Patti, and of Pitts gazing soulfully alone. To acknowledge current events, the accompanying caption read, "Jimmy l'in certain, un roman d'amour est mort." But if Connors was uncertain it didn't show on court. Playing with his old energy and desire, Jimbo had what appeared to be an easy draw to the semifinals. Then here came a most improbable stranger on the scene, Roger-Vasselin, a man in possession of three names, two passports—his father being a Frenchman; his mother is from Putney outside London, where Roger-Vasselin was born—and one pullball backhand, which he undoubtedly copied out of a 1930s instructional guide.

Noah called this tall, affable, knock-kneed fellow "Chris," the French crowds chanted. "Ro-zhay, Ro-zhay"—"I wish they'd get my name right," Roger-Vasselin said—and the press referred to him as "Vaseline," as if he were the touring pro out of Chesham-Pond's. Ranked just 129th, Roger-Vasselin, 25, admitted to once using a spaghetti racket, to being so unfit that when he jogs for 15 minutes he's exhausted and to winning only one

conserved

match on the circuit this year before Paris. He also could be forgiven his identity problem: Roger-Vasselin has a twin brother living in Massachusetts, and his sister worked the hospitality room at Roland Garros for the player agency ProServ, while he himself is under contract to IMG. ProServ's arch rival

Roger-Vasselin was lucky to have made the quarterfinals against Connors, having survived Heinz Günthardt in the third round after losing the first two sets. Yet five days later, Roger-Vasselin greased the skids for Jimbo with slow balls to the soft underbelly of midcourt, usually aimed in the vicinity of Connors' vulnerable forehand. Not only did Roger-Vasselin defeat Jimbo 6-4, 6-4, 7-6, but he also beat the revered Noah by a couple of hours to the semis, where no Frenchman had tread since Noah's brother-in-law, Patrick Prost, did so in 1972.

"These things happen. I saw Gonzales lose a match once," quipped Connors, who wound up with 66 forehand errors, most of them unforced. Jimbo grumbled about "clay specialists," but he assumed a marvelous diplomatic air when asked whether he had been beaten by a good player or had just played badly. Connors' reply was "Yes."

As for our other roving troubleshooter, McEnroe began by assaulting a Canon FL camera, which presumably had the effrontery to be focusing on his bad side, with his foot. At other intervals during that first-round match against one Ben Testerman he addressed assorted officials as "moron" and "bleeping chicken bleep" and with his new alliterative house special, "you bleeping French frog fag." In his quarterfinal loss to Wilander, McEnroe was ultimately destroyed by a line call that provoked one of his vintage tirades. This time the primary target was tournament supervisor Kurt Nielsen, who was sitting at courtside. Mac screamed at Nielsen that the call—"get this alliteration"—was "the most disgusting, disgraceful decision I've ever seen. You guys do nothing . . . just go by what this moron [the chair umpire] says. Hey, Kurt, have I been fined yet?" But between his first match and his last, why, McEnroe might as well have been Charles Aznavour, so mellow was he.

Wilander put Mac out of his misery—"I hate this country," McEnroe was heard to shout on one occasion—with a

1-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-0 victory that was shocking in its denouement. After some brilliant serve-and-volley stuff in the first set, McEnroe regained control in the third, even though Wilander had gained some rhythm on his punishing ground game. At 4-1, however, McEnroe netted a forehand volley that would have given him triple break point. Quickly he degenerated into a horribly loose patch, losing the sixth game and, from 40-15 on his own serve, the seventh as well, on four straight points. Wilander held at love for four-all, but despite having lost eight

points in a row, McEnroe was still in it. Then, suddenly, he wasn't.

Game 9, first point: Routine forehand drop volley for McEnroe. Wide. Uh, oh. First Mac ordered the linesman to show him the mark. Then he squealed at the chair for a reversal. Then the net judge got into the act, pointing out the mark himself. Then McEnroe launched his attack on Nielsen. Was Mac in a rage? Was the *Court Central* in an uproar? Doesn't a drop volley land so gently that it hardly makes a mark anyway? None of that mattered. What mattered was that McEnroe



fell apart, and he lost 14 more points in a row. That made 23 consecutive points for Wilander, who didn't miss until he was leading 2-0, 40-0 in the fourth set.

McEnroe continued to berate the audience, bitch at officials and clown around. Once he halted play to sit and applaud the Columbia as the space shuttle flew overhead atop its caddy plane on a break from the Paris air show. Later, during a shirt change, he popped his pees like Lou Ferrigno or somebody. In the end McEnroe had provided still another stupid display of temperament or para-

noia or whatever it is that his private demons have concocted to deny him crowd respect, personal joy and, this time, a splendid chance to win a match and a tournament that were quite within reach. "It didn't disturb me," Wilander said of Mac's actions. "But I think this time his complaining disturbed him."

More was less on the distaff side at Roland Garros. That is, the more Chris Evert Lloyd thought about winning her fifth French championship—of tying Margaret Court's record—the less likely anyone was to beat her. When Martina Navratilova was upset by Kathy Horvath in the 16s by a score of 6-4, 0-6, 6-3, someone pointed out to Evert Lloyd that it now looked like "her" tournament. "You mean it wasn't my tournament before?" she replied with a bristle. That's how Evert Lloyd feels about her chances on clay—against anybody. Evert Lloyd was returning from a doubles match, pausing in the runway beneath the stadium, at the moment Horvath completed her shocking victory. The 17-year-old comeback kid—remember Horvath as the youngest player ever to enter the U.S. Open, at 14?—simply kept pushing Navratilova deep into her backhand corner and then volleying away her feeble recoveries. "All I thought was, damn, I wish I'd been the one to beat her," said Evert Lloyd.

Navratilova's winning streak since the end of last year had reached 39 matches, including two over Evert Lloyd this winter. But with all the Team Navratilova computer baloney (Newsflash: Martina blames loss on Renee Richards. Says she was "advised wrong." Wants to see the readouts before ditching the whole entourage. Film at 11.), Evert Lloyd is the one with the three straight Grand Slam titles, having won the U.S. and Australian Opens in 1982. Moreover, the last time the two met on clay, in Amelia Island, Fla. in 1981, Evert Lloyd won 6-0, 6-0. "I wanted Martina on my surface," said Evert Lloyd in Paris.

Instead she had to settle for avenging her last two defeats at Roland Garros by beating Hana Mandlikova 4-6, 6-3, 6-2 in the quarters and Andrea Jaeger 6-3, 6-1 in the semis. Her final-round victim was Mima Jausovec, a former French

champion (1977) in one of the three summers Evert Lloyd was off chasing boys in World Team Tennis.

If the women's final was sweet and short—6-1, 6-2 in 65 minutes were the key numbers for those into humiliation—the result was only part of a pattern. One day in a press interview—Evert Lloyd's conferences with the media are noticeably longer than her matches on clay—she let this slip: "Martina and I are head and shoulders above the other girls." Chris' No!

But yes. After upsetting Navratilova, Horvath won only two games against Jausovec and went down whimpering at a ball boy. "You trying to hit me or what?" The late great Tracy Austin, who's rumored to have fallen in love, lost to a pleasant English lass named Jo Durie, who currently can be heard singing a ballad entitled *Wimbledon Lawn* with a group called The Racquets. Maybe Durie can make a living on her voice. Then there's Jaeger, who wants to go to college against her father's wishes and who appears to have no fun playing tennis anymore. And Mandlikova, who seems to be suffering from acute delusions of grandeur. "I think I'm a much better player than Chris. If I'm in good shape, I beat her two and two," said Mandlikova after their match, a good part of which she had spent ricocheting forehands off stadium walls.

That match was haled a couple of times, once when Mandlikova, ahead by a set and 2-1, fled the court to go, as she described it, "to the bathroom." Upon returning, she won only three games. Earlier, a vicious fight had broken out in the stands, probably between two women's tennis fanatics battling over the relative merits of Nancy Richey and Françoise Durr. Or maybe over the proper term for Evert Lloyd's new twinny headbands, which she wears wraparound-style in the manner of Princess Summer-Fall-Winter-Spring, formerly of tribe Howdy Doody.

"Everybody wears headbands. Only I wear these," said Evert Lloyd, speaking in a grande dame manner belittling one who had just appeared in her 24th Grand Slam final and had won her 15th such title. As for Noah, he's one for one in Grand Slam final rounds. If he ever reaches 15, they'll have to alter the name of one of Paris' landmarks. Make it Noah's Arc de Triomphe.

END

After huffing and puffing, Mac gave all a peek at his pees during his loss to Wilander.



Infield Errors Are A Cardinal Sin

The outstanding defense of Taco, T-bone, Oz and Obie (with Rammer in relief) gives St. Louis baseball's best Front Four **by JIM KAPLAN**

Plainly, the game was over and the Astros had beaten the Cardinals. With one out in the last of the 17th inning, the score tied 1-1 and a runner edging off third, Houston's Alan Ashby hit a hard grounder deep into the hole. The ball would either go through to leftfield or Shortstop Ozzie Smith would flag it down too late to make a play at home.

Wrong. Smith took a couple of quick steps to his right, dived, speared the ball and rose in virtually the same motion. Then he checked the runner back to third and threw out Ashby by 10 feet. Galvanized, the Cardinals scored twice in the 18th to win 3-1.

Afterward there was a tumultuous celebration of Smith's feat in the Cardinal clubhouse—a kind of accolade that's becoming increasingly common. "Greatest shortstop in the history of the game!" croaked Pitching Coach Hub Kittle, who has been observing them for 48 seasons. "No one ever had his reflexes or quickness." As Smith's teammates wandered about smiling and chuckling, Ozzie said, "Anybody can make a great play. I get special satisfaction from making one with the game on the line." Outside, Astrodome fans lingered long after midnight chanting, "Ah-zee, Ah-zee!"

True, there's no more dazzling sight in baseball than Smith on the move. But his fellow members of the St. Louis infield are far from being eclipsed. Consider a recent week in the life of the Cards:

The night before the 17th-inning

Smithian spectacle, Keith Hernandez demonstrated why he's the National League's best first baseman. The Cards were leading the Astros 4-0 in the first, but Houston had runners on second and third with only one out. Phil Garner hit a high bouncer to Hernandez. Textbook: Give up a run and get the sure out at first. Instead, Hernandez fired home and nipped the sliding Terry Puhl. "When you've scored, you don't want the other team to score in the same inning," Hernandez said later. "I saw Puhl out of the corner of my eye and thought I could get him. You can say that if the umpire calls the runner safe it's a bad play, but you have to take chances."

And on Tuesday Third Baseman Ken Oberkfell demonstrated the full extent of his versatility in one inning. A liner was hit to his left. He moved over smartly and grabbed it. Range. A grounder right at him. He made the play routinely. Reliability. A hard shot between him and the bag. He actually backhanded the ball behind his body before making yet another sure throw to first. Quickness. What's more, he led off the next inning with a base hit.

And that week, as most every week, Second Baseman Tommy Herr made no spectacular plays—and no errors. He just did everything that was needed.

Smith's elusiveness on double plays has made him a tough target for sliding runners.





While waiting for the next pitch with the bases empty, they seem like rag dolls on a shelf. Hernandez dangles his open glove in front of his right foot and scratches the turf with its tip. Herr stands almost straight up, like a man starting a deep knee bend. Oberkfell creeps stealthily forward, a cat burglar at the hot corner. And Smith, blowing bubbles, sways eerily from side to side. He's in an (All-) World of his own. But once the ball is hit, the St. Louis infield springs to life in unison, moving into action with common purpose and uncommon expertise. There's no finer Front Four in baseball.

Defense is the least appreciated facet of baseball—and also one of the most important. "Good pitching isn't worth a damn without good defense," says Ken Harrelson, the slugger-turned-broadcaster. And defense is baseball's esthetic key-stone. Consider the greatest moments in World Series history: Who could omit Willie Mays's catch in '54, Sandy Amoros's grab in '55 and the superb glove work of Brooks Robinson in '70 and Graig Nettles in '78?

There's no statistic adequate to evaluate defense. A player who commits numerous errors may also have excellent range. Total chances are a better barometer, but they don't reflect play under pressure. Double plays? "What counts," says Cardinal Manager Whitey Herzog, "aren't the number of double plays but the ones you should have had but missed. You can't judge defense with a common denominator. You have to watch it day after day."

By any standard, day in, day out, the Cardinals' 1982 defense was one of the best ever. St. Louis tied for the National League lead in fielding percentage (.981), led in chances (6,558) and was second in double plays (169). The four starting infielders and the redoubtable utilityman, Mike Ramsey, deserved most of the credit. As a group, the other St. Louis defenders—Leftfielder Lonnie Smith, Centerfielder Willie McGee, Rightfielder

continued



Herr is steady, gritty and the keystone reason that the Cardinal infield turns so many DPs, including a division-leading 169 in '82.

THE CARDINALS continued

George Hendrick and Catcher Darrell Porter—were slightly above average. Hendrick was, and is, the best defensive rightfielder in the league. Smith was surely the worst leftfielder, a distinction he has retained in '83 by committing nine errors through Sunday. McGee and Porter were, and are, capable. Ah, but those infielders. They averaged only 10.6 errors apiece and, astonishingly, made just one late-inning miscue that cost a game.

The 1983 Cardinals have been getting inconsistent work from their top starter (Joaquin Andujar) and reliever (Bruce Sutter) and have had sporadic hitting, yet they led the National League East at week's end with a 27-21 record. Score another one for the infield D. "You have to go back to the Orioles of the late '60s, when they had Brooks Robinson and Mark Belonger on the left side and Dave Johnson and Boog Powell on the right, to find a comparable infield," says Herzog. San Diego's Dick Williams, who has also managed in both leagues, favorably com-

pares the current Cardinals to the legendary Dodger infield of Gil Hodges, Jackie Robinson, Pee Wee Reese and Billy Cox. And Cardinal Coach Red Schoendienst, a pretty fair second baseman himself in 19 seasons in the big leagues, can't remember its equal.

Herzog has been much acclaimed for acquiring Sutter and Porter and creating a line-drive offense to suit cavernous Busch Stadium, but his astute defensive moves have gone largely unnoticed. In 1981 he switched Oberkfell from second to third, replacing good-hands, poor-range Ken Ritz. Herr was installed at second. The Cardinals immediately ran up the best record in the division but won neither half-title in that strike-shortened season. Next Herzog cast about for a replacement for his unhappy shortstop, Garry Templeton. And lo, he found that the best shortstop in the game, San Diego's Ozzie Smith, was available. The result was St. Louis' first world championship since 1968.

All the Cardinal infielders have good hands—the prime requisite—and are

equally sound on turf or grass. Ramsey, Oberkfell and Herr were signed as shortstops, the infield's most difficult position, and began working out at other spots when Templeton looked as if he'd be a fixture at short. Hernandez and Herr were high school quarterbacks; as a result, Hernandez makes baseball's best throw off the bunt ("It's like a look-in pass over the middle," he says), and Herr can take punishment and still get off a relay ("With the line I had, I got used to contact," he says).

The four are constantly talking and reacting to each other. "There's too little communication in baseball," Hernandez says. Theirs is more than the routine "I'll take the throw down" palaver of shortstops and second basemen. "Ozzie! Obie!" Hernandez calls out when he's playing far from the line with a right-handed pull hitter up. He's telling them to delay their throws until he reaches the bag. Herr gives a verbal signal to Hernandez, who can't see the catcher's sign from his spot at first, when a righthanded pitcher is about to throw a breaking ball



to a lefthanded batter; that way Hernandez can shade to the line. Smith sometimes, but not as often, tells Oberkfell when a lefty pitcher is throwing slow stuff to a righthanded batter. "A lot of the time I'll tell him I don't want to know," says Oberkfell. "If it's a fastball, you have a tendency to relax. I want to be ready all the time." And with two outs and a man on first, Oberkfell will tell Herr to expect a throw on a grounder. Any time one player shifts position, the others will move too. "We don't want to leave too many holes," says Oberkfell.

Herzog will go over the hitters before each series, and Infield Coach Hal Lanier will take his own book on the hitters to the dugout. But they don't do much positioning during the game, because the Cardinal infielders know the hitters so well themselves.

Watch the St. Louis infield in action. Recently the Reds had men on first and second with none out. A bunt was in the offing. Time for the unique Cardinal version of the "wheel" play. Ramsey, sub-

bing for Oberkfell, charged in while Smith covered third, but Herr remained at second to keep the runner close instead of covering first, as is usual. When the ball was bunted, Ramsey fielded it and threw to Smith at third. Normally it's all the shortstop can do to get there, and the result is a forceout, nothing more. Smith stretched like a first baseman to take the throw, made the briefest of crow-hops with his left foot and threw to Hernandez, who had returned to first after charging the plate, to complete a rare 5-6-3 double play.

Three nights later, with the Cards leading the Astros 4-2 and Houston's Ray Knight at second, Tony Scott singled to left. Lonnie Smith fielded the ball and fired home. The throw was slightly off line, so Oberkfell cut it. Seeing Scott, trapped between first and second, he threw to Herr, who relayed to Hernandez for an inning-ending putout. It was the first time in Herzog's four seasons at St. Louis that the cutoff—usually a safety valve to prevent a runner from advancing a base—produced an out.

Remarkable when viewed as an ensemble, the Cardinal infielders should also be seen as separate, unique and historic figures. Let's capsule them, freeze them in time, honor them with plaques.

Wiz Osborne Earl Smith, 28, 5' 10", 150. Winner of three consecutive Gold Gloves, has led league shortstops in assists four straight years. Paced National League by fielding .980 in 1982. Has percentage of .976 for five years in the majors. Needs total of 10 years service to qualify for a crack at the big-league record (Current standard of .980 held by Cubs' Larry Bowa, who has played most of career on artificial turf; Smith has played four of his five full seasons on tougher natural grass infields.) Already holds one major league record: 621 assists for San Diego in 1980. Considered unorthodox, often fields balls one-handed and throws with both feet in air. Atones for average arm with quick release.

continued



With Gold Glove in hand, Hernandez has no trouble reaching out to make the difficult play.



THE CARDINALS continued

Named one of America's 10 best casually dressed men last year by a panel of California sartorial experts, and was featured on the fashion pages of "Gentlemen's Quarterly" and "Playboy."

The word usually used to describe Smith is "acrobatic," and he encouraged that practice by doing a front flip while running to his position before the seventh game of the '82 World Series. Though he has never competed on parallel bars or horses or rings and only occasionally works out on a trampoline, Smith has the musculature of a gymnast.

Asked to pick Smith's most extraordinary play, most observers select those diving stops in the hole. "He gets up like a cat," says Cincinnati's slick-

First at second and now at third, Orel Hershiser always has the percentages in his favor.

fielding Shortstop Dave Concepcion, who's too tall to dive, much less make throws off dives. Others favor the 6 to 3 plays behind second, when he throws strong and straight to his right while his body is moving to the left. In both cases, he seems to anticipate where the ball is going before it is hit.

Hernandez, for one, thinks Smith's best moves are his subtle ones. "On double plays, when he's taking a throw from me or Tommy, he'll straddle the bag. When he knows which side the throw's coming to, he'll fake in the other direction to draw the runner's slide. Bill Madlock of the Pirates is the best I've ever seen at taking out the pivotman, but Ozzie left him in the dust."

"I know I'm unorthodox," says Smith. "I do it the way I feel most comfortable. I still concentrate on the basics—catch the ball, throw the ball—but that may mean diving or catching it off balance." During batting practice, Smith stands as close as 80 feet to the hitter to test his reflexes and works on backhanding balls and taking them on short hops. During games, he stands deep in the hole, the better to pick off hard shots; he's still fast enough to run down slow rollers.

"I like to prepare myself for the element of surprise," he says. "I try to keep my weight evenly balanced so I can move to my right or left. I move around to get into the flow of the game with the pitcher. When it's hard to get into the rhythm,

I bend lower." But don't judge Smith purely by logic and data. He's too elusive for that. He's The Wiz.

MEN, TACO Keith Hernandez, 29, 6 feet, 190. Handsome Californian of Spanish ancestry, but speaks little Spanish. Has won five consecutive Gold Gloves at first. Considered peerless on bunt plays and scooping throws out of dirt, his unparalleled range and such a strong arm he—and not the second baseman, as on most teams—takes relays on balls hit down the rightfield line ... Has .299 lifetime average and was co-Most Valuable Player in 1979. Has played in all but nine Cardinal games since start of 1977 season. Noted Civil War buff.

"The ball's hit so fast, especially on artificial turf, that if I didn't have my glove down on the ground, the ball would go right under me," he says. He wrapped up a recent Cardinal victory by making three unassisted putouts on ninth-inning grounders, including one on a ball that bounced crazily off the bag. "It came up and hit the heel of my glove, then my bare hand," he says. "I clamped it back in. That's one for the youngsters—two hands all the time."

Hernandez relishes fielding bunts. On one play the other night he charged in so swiftly that he wound up intercepting the catcher's throw to the pitcher. "I field bunts with my arm cocked to go to second or third," he says. "I can always turn and get the batter."

Hernandez has an involved series of signals he uses with pitchers on pickoffs, and if the throw's off, he still has that goatee glove. In a game against the Reds, Andujar threw wildly. Hernandez tumbled over the base runner, Eddie Milner, plucked the ball out of the dirt and reached back to tag him out.

Out: Kenneth Ray Oberkell, 27, 6' 1", 185. Led National League third basemen with 972 percentage in '82, his second year at that position. In 1980 led the league's second basemen with .985 percentage. Has excellent range and arm, feels he could do better on bunts and slow rollers. Lifetime .290 hitter. Raised 15 minutes from Busch Stadium, in Highland, Ill.

"If I'm standing still and flat-

continued



Stooping low to conquer, Smith has more bubbles than bobbleheads.



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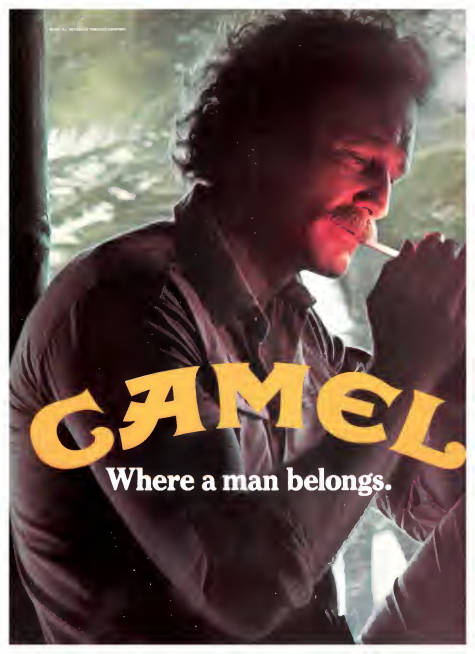
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When it comes to answering emergency calls at second, short or third, Ramsey is definitely the hands-down winner among utility men.

THE CARDINALS *continued*

footed," he says. "I'm not ready. If I'm moving, I'm ready to go either way. I try to land on my right foot when the ball's pitched so I can pivot off it.

"Playing second helped my range at third. Third's a much easier position; you don't have to make double plays or get hit—just react. I was leery of changing, but it's the best thing that ever happened to me." Indeed, to a man, the Cards feel Oberkfell should have been awarded the 1982 Gold Glove instead of Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt. "As long as my teammates know what I'm doing for the organization, I don't care about awards," Obie says with a shrug.

T-BONE Thomas Mitchell Herr, 27, 6 feet, 190. Has made only 14 errors in last two seasons at second, the league's best record over that span. Excellent pivotman. After last season had arthroscopic surgery on his right knee and during '83 spring training on his left knee, costing him one-third of medial cartilage, has lost range to his left but still goes well to right. Reliable lendoff man. Collects antique furniture, reads Kurt Vonnegut.

"I stand up straight on turf because the ball takes high bounces," he says. "On grass I get lower. I've got a fairly good

arm and good size for a second baseman. I don't play with much flair, throwing sidearm like Manny Trillo. I just get the job done." Let's rewrite a *Pajama Game* song. Herr is: steady and reliable, a gritty, traditional second baseman. Him is: gonna get a Gold Glove yet.

RAMMER Michael Jeffrey Ramsey, 29, 6' 1", 175. Played 112 games at sec-

ond, short and third last season—no wonder he has been reading novel called "Schism." Highlight of season was errorless 14-game September stretch subbing at short for injured Smith. Team was 10-4 in those games. With both hands almost touching turf, takes position like spider. Gets inspiration from New Testament and "Powers of Mind" by Adam Smith.

"I just keep plugging away," says Ramsey, who plays some outfield, too. "I pride myself on being a good utilityman, like Derrel Thomas or Bob Badler." Those are telling words. Two years from qualifying for the re-entry draft, Ramsey could be gnashing his teeth and demanding playing time. "I'm thankful for the time I get—to complain would be self-destructive," he says. "He works as hard as anyone in baseball," says Oberkfell. "A utility player has to be like that."

Oh, that Cardinal infield. It's the boon of the St. Louis staff and the doom of opposing hitters. "The only thing I have to tell our pitchers is to throw strikes, keep the ball down and let 'em hit it," says Porter. "We're flat tough out there."

"How about that great Cardinal infield?" says St. Louis Pitcher Dave LaPoint. "Just creeps up on you. The ball finds the glove."

And the Cardinals just keep on winning. **END**



Hernandez doesn't have to be defensive about his offense.

When the 76ers came home to Philadelphia last week with the city's first NBA championship in 16 years, the place went bananas. An estimated 1.7 million watched the Sixers parade down Broad Street to Veterans Stadium, where 55,000 awaited them. Up to the mikes on a podium placed over the 50-yard line stepped Julius Erving, delivered at last from an Everest of frustration. The Doctor intoned, "Four wins, five wins, four wins," and then gave full credit to the author of the "Fo, fo, fo" prediction, Moses Malone.

"We had most of the parts," Erving told the throng. "and then we went out and for cold cash we got a hard hat." All week long it was Erving, a marvel of eloquence as well as athleticism, who put the Sixer odyssey in sharpest perspective.

Two nights earlier, he had removed himself from the chaotic scene in the 76ers' locker room and, with the championship trophy under one arm, he retreated to the relative calm of the visitors' lavatory in the Los Angeles Forum and posed for pictures holding up a raised index finger, signifying No. 1. No one familiar with the 76ers' three failures in the NBA finals over the previous six years

Sixers swept the defending champion Lakers in the first 4-0 finals wipeout since Golden State blindsided Washington in 1975. Philly, which had won 65 games during the regular season, thundered through the playoffs losing just once, to Milwaukee in the Eastern Conference finals. Philadelphia's 12-1 playoff record was the best in NBA history. "We toyed with people, just toyed with them," said Billy Cunningham, the 76ers' coach. "It was really something."

It was that, all right. The NBA finals had been a kind of recurrent nightmare for the 76ers, and a personal hurdle for Erving. He'd never gotten over his first trip to the championship series, in 1977, when the Sixers won the first two games before the Portland Trail Blazers ran off four straight victories. The 76ers had George McGinnis, Lloyd Free, Darryl Dawkins and Doug Collins as well as Erving that year, and they were considered a dazzling carnival act with too many marquee names and not enough discipline. "Winning a championship is the only thing that will erase that first year, when we were the guys on the black horses, wearing black hats and bandannas," said Erving, the only character left from



Thou Shalt Rejoice, Said Moses

No commandment could have been sweeter in Philly as Moses Malone & Co. came home with a long-sought NBA title by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

could help but notice the similarity between this triumphant pose of Erving's and the one he'd struck six years earlier in the Sixers' ill-fated We Owe You One ad campaign.

Erving had taken matters into his own enormous hands last week in L.A. by scoring seven points in 98 seconds late in the fourth game to clinch a 115-108 Philadelphia victory. With that win, the

that cast, earlier this season. "What happened then could be part of the reason we're driven now."

It's difficult to picture the Doctor as a villain, because rarely in the history of team sports has there been a player of such transcendent popularity as Erving.

Most of the Lakers admitted during the finals that if they were unable to repeat as champions, there was some small consolation: At least the Doc would finally get his ring. Erving bathed in the wave of affection that he felt from the fans this season. "You can feel the vibes," he said,



Malone and 1.7 million fans couldn't contain themselves during the victory parade.

"feel the people pulling for you."

If there seemed to be a degree of inevitability in all this, there was also a certain amount of concern that this might be the last season Erving could be an important contributor on a championship team. He's 33, and while he can still soar over everyone, he can't do it all the time. Moreover, with the acquisition of Malone, the 6' 11", 255-pound center, and the emergence of Andrew Toney as a star, Erving even consulted Bobby Jones, Philadelphia's talented sixth man, about the adjustments he would need to make to become a role player. "When you be-

come the second or third option on a play," Erving says, "it requires some adjustments. Moses has to be the top priority for a defense, then Andrew, then me. Sometimes this year I wasn't able to make that adjustment. I'd get lost, out of my rhythm. That's when you have to step back and regroup. It's a matter of sometimes being center stage, sometimes shirking center stage, sometimes being stage left or stage right."

And sometimes it was a matter of being upstaged by Malone, the big man without whom the 76ers could never have won their championship. "I can do

all the things I used to do," Erving said, "but with our team, we don't need a forward to dominate the game." After years of being the preeminent player on every team he played for—in 1980-81 he became the only noncenter since 1963-64 (Oscar Robertson) to win the league's MVP award—Erving reasoned, "If some people say it's Moses' team, that's O.K. A lot of people say it's my team, too." Malone, of course, has been the MVP two of the last four seasons and is a shoo-in for the 1982-83 award.

Whoever the 76ers belonged to last

continued



In the finale, Doc scored seven of his 21 points in a 98-second fourth-quarter burst.

believe," Cunningham said. "When you talk about defending against Moses Malone, you have to give something up." First the Lakers gave up the outside shot to the Sixers, trying to double-team Malone. Then they gave up the pretense that they could match him with their 7'2" center, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, choosing instead to alternate forwards Kurt Rambis and Mark Landsberger against him. "There are a lot of forces in nature you don't stop," Rambis said. "And he's one of them."

Malone was shooting turnaround three-point jumpers as he warmed up for Game 4, laughing hysterically every time he fired one up. In the first quarter he shot 2 for 8 and stopped laughing as the Lakers pulled ahead by as many as 16 points during the second period. Los Angeles did some of its damage with backups like Landsberger, Dwight Jones and Mike McGee on the floor at the same time. Those three had logged only 21 minutes of playing time in the Lakers' previous series against San Antonio, but against Philadelphia they were called on often because of injuries to Guard Norm Nixon, Forward Bob McAdoo and rookie Swingman James Worthy.

Worthy had broken his leg two weeks before the playoffs began, and McAdoo had pulled a thigh muscle in the final game of the San Antonio series while attempting to come back from a three-month layoff after toe surgery. Nixon suffered what turned out to be a separated left shoulder—he said at the time it was a bruise—in Game 1 when he collided with Toney, and he was never a factor after scoring 26 points in the first game. In the third he strained a tendon in his left knee and McAdoo reinjured his thigh, and both of them sat out Game 4.

Given their depleted roster, it was remarkable that the Lakers entered the fourth quarter with an 11-point advantage, but Philadelphia outscored them 10-2 in the first three minutes of the period. "We gave them life," said Erving, sounding faintly apocalyptic, "then we took it away." Malone, who got 10 of his 23 rebounds in the final quarter, knew that the defending champs were about to fold. "I could see them tightening up," he said. "They saw us comin' again, comin' again. The train was comin' again."

The Sixers still trailed 106-104 when,

continued



At the Vet, Erving sang hosannas to Moses.

THE SIXERS *continued*

week, they were no longer the exciting—if unpredictable—high-wire act they had once been. "We used to be a pretty team that looked good winning games," Erving said. "Now we win games without looking that good. If we put together a perfect game we probably still wouldn't look good, because we have an imperfect approach to playing. Bodies are flying all over the place out there." Malone has changed the Sixers' emphasis from finesse to the physical with his sledgehammer work under the boards. "When we got Moses, he put a little more aggressiveness in everybody's game," says Point Guard Maurice Cheeks.

Malone, who was the unanimous choice for MVP in the finals, was a consistently slow starter throughout the series, but as the games wore on and the other players wore out, Malone just kept getting stronger. "Let's not play make-



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with a little more than two minutes to play, Erving singlehandedly turned the game around with three stunning plays. First, as Abdul-Jabbar attempted to pass the ball to Michael Cooper, the Doctor deflected it upcourt. He beat Cooper to the ball and had the basket dead ahead of him. It was on almost precisely the same type of play in the sixth and final game a year ago that Erving had a breakaway layup blocked from behind by McAdoo. That was the decisive play of that game. This time Erving threw down what he later described as a "no doubt about it" dunk. "It was a struggle the whole time," Jones said. "It wasn't until that steal Julius made that we really had a chance. He took over the game and put it in his back pocket."

A minute later Cheeks hit Erving on another fastbreak drive, and the Doc's reluctant three-point play gave the 76ers a 109-107 edge. But after an Abdul-Jabbar foul shot cut the lead to one, with 42 seconds left and the Sixers' offense stalled temporarily, Erving looked over the Lakers' defense from the top of the free-throw circle and saw no openings. The shot clock was down to :06. "There wasn't time to drive, there wasn't time to swing the ball, so I let it fly," Erving said later. "I didn't find that shot. It found me."

The ball cut through the net and the Lakers like a knife. Erving is unaccustomed to taking 18-foot jumpers, much less making them, but now he knew something special was happening to him. "While I was scoring those seven points," he said, "I lost my concentration for a while, thinking about what was going on."

In the 76ers' locker room afterward, Malone mugged playfully for the TV cameras, posturing and roaring in the manner of Muhammad Ali. For a man as reserved as Malone has always been in public, it was a rare and touching display of animation. "This was for the Doc," Malone said. "I wanted to be able to say that I played on a world championship team with Dr. J." Then Malone sagged visibly. "This is the first time I feel tired," he said. "As soon as a series is over, I get tired." Backup Center Earl Cureton wandered by with a friend who wanted to meet Malone. "I want you to meet Al Capone Malone," Cureton said. "He steals basketball games."



Andrew, Chanel Toney: sweet smell of success.

Moses' mouth curled into a wide smile. "That's me," he agreed, "the gangster of basketball."

Later that night Malone tried to make Cunningham an offer he couldn't refuse. The coach's contract with the Sixers has expired, and he has intimated that he may quit so he can spend more time with his family. In his six seasons as coach he

has gone from being a mere figurehead who jumped up and down and screamed a lot to being the architect of one of the finest teams in the 37-year history of the league. Philadelphia won this year because it played great defense, and Cunningham was the one responsible for that. In the jubilant aftermath of Game 4, Malone threw an ursine arm around Cunningham's head and said gruffly, "You're stayin' and we're repeatin'." If anything can make Cunningham sign again with owner Harold Katz, it's probably a command like that.

Whether or not Philadelphia next season becomes the first NBA team in 15 years to successfully defend its championship, the 76ers have already stood a very unusual test of time. "All too often, teams that get to the finals and don't win are broken up," says Erving. "In Philadelphia that didn't happen. It was a team that took six years to build. We did it the hard way, we did it the long way, but we did it better than anybody else."

Yo, Doc. Better than anybody else ever. END

Close but no cigar can no longer describe the little drives of Katz (left) and Cunningham.





world-class athletes tend to prattle on, with their brains in neutral—it's a trained response with them. And here we go:

RADIO MAN: "Well, now, tell us, what are some of the things you must now do to prepare for those all-important 1984 Olympic Games?"

TWIGG: "Try not to crash."

And that's it. End of interview. The response is short, but that's exactly the way this Twigg is bent. She's 20 years old, 5' 7" and 125 pounds. She's one Twigg who is willowy—and that's absolutely the last play on her name, promise. But most important, she's so totally submerged in what she's doing that her brisk answer to the question on that recent radio interview seemed perfectly sensible to her. When it got a laugh, she looked faintly puzzled. What'd I say? After all, when one sets out to become the best woman bike racer in the U.S. and the world, not crashing seems like a pretty terrific idea.

"Well, Rebecca can be deceptive that way," says Edmund R. Burke, the technical director of the U.S. Cycling Federation. "She's so fully locked in on what she's up to that sometimes she just seems

Cyclist Rebecca Twigg, world track champ and science prodigy, hits the road, hoping for the Olympics

by **BOB OTTUM**

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*'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's
inclined.*

—ALEXANDER POPE'S WORDS, OUR TWIGG

She seems relaxed, breathing evenly; there's nothing here to get her frazzled. The conversation has been about bicycle racing in general, and now the radio newsmen, smiling confidently, asks his final, big question, thrusting the microphone under the chin of Rebecca Twigg. In responding to this query, most

laid back." Burke is a Ph.D., a sports physiologist who specializes in cycling and, perhaps unwisely, has revealed a flair for administration. He thus has ended up running the U.S. cycling team. "She's really very intelligent, in addition to being very strong," he says. "Speaking as a physiologist, I would say that Re-

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becca's a mesomorph who's maturing."

Oh, really? What Twigg also is, at this moment, is the women's world individual pursuit champion. She won that title dramatically in England last year, the first American to do so, and she was also the U.S. pursuit and time-trial champ. Not to mention the U.S. federation's 1982 female Rider of the Year. And now, despite being primarily a pursuit, or track, specialist, she's a hot prospect to become one of the final lonely three who'll make up the U.S. team in the first-ever women's Olympic cycling event—a 50- or 70-km road race—at the L.A. Games. All of which amounts to quite a curriculum vitae, but there's one thing more: Twigg is also something of a genius. At 14, she decided to skip high school and go directly to college. She's now just a few credit hours short of a degree in biology at the University of Washington. But she tends to play that down.

"Actually, nobody is certain how high my IQ is, or even if it really is high. We've never tested it," Twigg says. "I think the secret is that I'm a very hard worker who likes school. As for the college degree . . ." she runs her hands through her hair and stares off dreamily into some middle distance "... it will come someday in 1985, after the competitive pressure is off. In the meantime, I worry about not using my brain enough. What if . . . what if I became an illiterate between now and the Olympics?"

This mild concern is being expressed in Room 217 of a rickety old dormitory, a one-time Army barracks, at the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, where Twigg is a permanent athlete-in-residence. No matter what the location, dorm rooms never really change: This one smells faintly of sweaty workout clothes turned inside out to dry over the backs of chairs, with an occasional whiff of the far too sweet perfume favored by very young women. At the moment Twigg is slouched on her bed

wearing layers of mismatched warmups. She shares the room with Peggy Maas, 23, another bike racer, and there's not a frivolous touch in sight. In this room, where one might expect to see Richard Gere pinups, there are bike-racing posters taped to the walls. On the floor beside Twigg's bed, in addition to a limp sock or two, is a copy of Isaac Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy*.

Twigg takes the high way, in the Colorado mountains, to L.A.



Outside the window, down across the new synthetic surface running track and past the long-jump practice pits, is the federation's national office. Beyond that lies the perfect mountain world, much of it at 4,000 feet in crisp air that one can actually see through, in which to train for most any kind of cycling competition. This western room and those demanding mountains are pretty much it for Twigg

when she's not off at some meet or another. She makes 60 to 80 races a year, but otherwise she can be found charging through the Colorado hills or holed up in her stark, sweaty digs.

Here's a girl who is slowly changing into a lovely woman. She'll emerge one day with a beyond-Candice Bergen look; heads will turn, and she shall have music wherever she goes, as the old nursery rhyme has it. But for now there's only this shabby, off-white dormitory room and a 51-cm Trek bicycle.

Other resident jocks drop in, but "social life?" Twigg says. "Um, our social life is pretty dull." Then she brightens momentarily. "Oh! We play a lot of volleyball!" Uh, but does that really do it? "Well, remember, it's only other athletes living here, and they're all self-centered on what they're doing," Maas agrees. "This is exactly like any college dorm in any college town anywhere—with one exception," she says. "Here, everybody is in bed and sound asleep by nine-thirty every night." Oh, Twigg and Maas and the others might have a beer now and then, particularly following an event like the Coors International Classic, where the beer is free, "but it only takes maybe one beer to get an athlete wasted anyway," Twigg says.

Watching Twigg in action, one realizes that the federation has done it again: It has loosed yet another competitive monster woman upon the land, another new one cast in the mold of Sheila Young-Ochowsicz and Sue Novara-Reber, the sprint champions; of road and pursuit champ Connie Carpenter and

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that sudden road whiz Beth Heiden.

While most of the U.S. was looking elsewhere—bike racing isn't exactly the most feverishly covered of sports in this country—the U.S. had scrambled from 22nd in 1978 to fifth in world competition last year in medals won, behind only East Germany, Russia, West Germany and Holland, and ahead of such traditional powers as France and Italy. *France and Italy?* And while the men have been gaining, the women have run wild.

By way of a brief history, in 1969 California's Audrey McElmury won the women's road-race gold medal at the world championships in Czechoslovakia, ending a 57-year road competition losing streak for the U.S., a development so unnerving that, naturally, the award ceremonies had to be held up while someone searched out a record of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. After that came two more losing years, but then, starting in 1972 the titles began rolling in. Through 1981 U.S. women collected 17 more world medals, six of them gold. And in the world championships at Leicester, England last August and September, the U.S. squad pulled in four more, with Connie Paraskevin, 21, and Young-Ochowicz, 32, finishing one and two in the sprints and Twigg and Carpenter, 25, also one-two in the individual pursuit.

This was pretty fast company for a 19-year-old, but Twigg wasn't cowed one bit. Cowed? Here's a kid who used to drag-race automobiles on her way to school in Seattle, churning furiously along the streets aboard a heavy old Huffy bike. "And I'd catch them, too," she says. When she tells about it now, one can see her pulling alongside a speeding car and glancing over at the driver with that impressive look of hers. "It always made the motorists pretty nervous," she says.

To go back even further, to the beginning, Twigg was born in Honolulu. The family moved briefly to Madison, Wis., where Rebecca's sister, Laura, now 19 was born, and then on to Seattle, which Rebecca figures is really her hometown. Her parents split up when the girls were very young, and her mother, Barbara, went back to school to get a degree in sociology. Indeed, there was a time when all three of them were in school, "but it was the girls who were exceptional students," Barbara says. "Laura is an electrical engineering major at the University of Washington. And Rebecca was always



Yukking it up around camp had better be fun, because social-life-wise, this is about it.

entered in some sort of contest, from spelling bees to math and science fairs. She had a keen competitive instinct, I guess. Once she entered a cooking contest, of all things, submitting a cake that a grown-up couldn't have made. She'd seen a picture of it in a magazine. It was supposed to look like a castle. She lost—but, after all, that was in the first grade."

Rebecca shrugs. "Mostly I remember that I was strong," she says. "I was big for my age. I was even fat for a while. But I was a pretty good runner and jumper, and a great arm-wrestler. Once I strolled into the gym at school and saw some weights lying there: I was quite small then, but I lifted the 90-pound one over my head and then I lifted the 100-pound barbell up to my chin. You know," she says, shaking her head gravely at this, "if I'd been born in an Eastern bloc country, I wouldn't be a bike racer now. They'd have made me into a weightlifter."

Twigg was singled out early in school for a program for gifted students. "It was intellectually stimulating," she says. "I had been getting grades in the 80s and 90s, but in the honors group

I built them up to 98s and 99s in everything." By the time she was 14, staying in the program would have involved being bused to special classes all over town: math in one school, science here, biology

continued



Twigg keeps her road bike as fit as her physique.

there. "My mom said, 'Why not just go straight into college?'" Rebecca says, "and I said, 'Hey, that's an idea.'"

Happily, Washington agreed. Twigg enrolled for the summer quarter of 1977, so that she could get used to attending classes like an honest-to-God Big Person, and next thing anybody knew, she was a freshman. By the time she was a 15-year-old sophomore, she was working part time at the ecology lab to pick up some money. "I washed the lab dishes and I got to feed all the *Manduca sexta*, those big green worms they used in the research," she says.

But while higher education was dandy in its way, the great whir and hum of bicycling kept distracting Twigg. What was astringent, of course, was that suppressed competitive streak. And along came the Washington State Championships, in June of '77. A race. Up until this point about all she had beaten were cars, and they were so, well, metallic or something. And thus, uncouched and inexperienced,

track bike, also a Sekai, one of those mean contraptions with fixed drive, one gear and no brakes.

Trying to dope out how to ride the track machine, Twigg took it over to the Marymoor Park Velodrome, which was 400 meters around and reasonably wide, with banked turns averaging 25 degrees. It was frightening. "First time on a velodrome, there's the feeling that you're going to fall off the world," she says. But there was also the discovery that if one sucked it all up and rode near the top in a sprint race, one could suddenly dive diagonally downward just at the finish and blow everybody's spokes off.

Exactly. But she got little chance to try it at first. As the only intermediate girl in the state championship sprints, Twigg was thrown in with two boys for three scratch races of one kilometer each. She finished more or less even with them and, needless to say, won her class. In the road race the following week, three seven-mile loops out in the country, one other inter-

was winning some here and there. Whenever I'd lose, Mom would worry; she'd always ask me, 'Do you know what you did wrong?' And I'd say, 'No. I don't even know what I'm doing right.' I think a lot of this is instinctive."

After that national meet in 1977, Twigg began training and studying cycling seriously, at first with Sekar's Velocipede Club—track races every Friday night and road races Wednesdays, lifting weights and running stadium steps in between. She picked up the pace to the point where she was occasionally beating some of the men. Not all of them took well to this, and on the track she had to learn how not to get pinned or scrubbed off against the railing. That required a tricky pause, something of a head fake and then a quick surge ahead, almost like a stutter step in basketball.

In 1979, her first year as a junior, she won the U.S. time trials, at that time a 25-mile race. In 1981, still a junior, she won the national senior women's pursuit title—as well as the junior-road and time-trial championships. That's upstart stuff, especially seeing as Twigg took the pursuit title from Carpenter, who now holds a record 13 national and three world medals. But the real showdown, said *Cycling U.S.A.*, the federation's official newspaper, was going to come at the 1982 nationals in July and August at Kenosha, Wis.

"Well," Twigg says levelly, "ever since my first year as a junior, people had been telling me I'd be a champion." And indeed, in Wisconsin, Twigg once again beat Carpenter in the pursuit, this time by .16 of a second, 3:54.50 to 3:55.06, over the 3,000 meters. Then came the time trials, an event Carpenter had won by an impressive 3½ minutes in 1981. But Twigg beat her, almost breaking the one-hour mark in the process, churning off to the title in 1:00.49, with Carpenter 19 seconds back.

An even bigger challenge would present itself at the world championships a couple of weeks later. There waited the formidable Nadzha Kibardina of the U.S.S.R., the world pursuit champ in 1980 and '81, and the old assumption that, forget it, Americans never win this one. Uh huh. Twigg blew Kibardina away in the quarter-finals, 3:57.32 to 3:59.30, and in the semis she polished off Jeannie Longo of France. In the final round, there again was Carpenter. Twigg blasted her way to the gold medal with an

continued



At work here on the Twigg storm is trainer-assistant coach-masseur Craig Campbell.

enced—but strong—Twigg walked from shop to shop around town until she finally came upon the Tamura brothers of Pine Street Cycles, who agreed to lend her two bikes so she could enter the meet. One was a yellow, slightly used Sekai 4000. "It seemed so sophisticated," she says now. "Ten speeds! And it weighed only about 21 pounds." The other was a

mediate girl emerged, and Twigg smoked her by some 20 minutes. Suddenly there was a state champion with no idea how she'd gotten there. In the nationals, also held in Seattle later that year, Twigg finished third on the road and fifth on the track in the intermediate class. "It was then," she says, "that I decided to stay with racing. And it wasn't long before I

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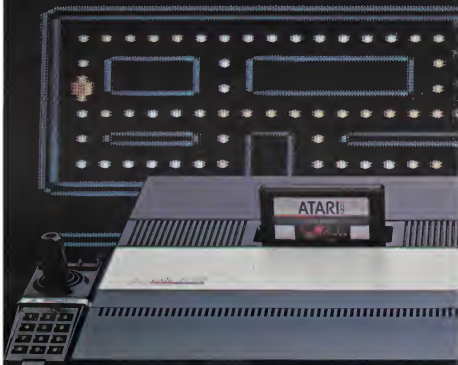
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Twigg (right) lost this recent New York race to road aces Carpenter and Novara-Reber.

REBECCA TWIGG *continued*

impressive 3:51.95; Carpenter finished in 3:52.63.

Something odd had happened here. As Twigg describes it, "The first time I saw the Russian champion, I was in real awe of her. A Russian. But then, gradually, I came to realize that she was out there for exactly the same reason I was: that is, she wasn't so much a Russian as she was an athlete, a bike racer like anybody—and I can beat them."

Now began the long countdown: Twigg moved into the training center last September and is going to stick it out, living ascetically, until she realizes her main racing goal—a spot on the Olympic team. One reason it's so special is that this represents a foot in the Olympic door. It wasn't until 1981 that the International Olympic Committee agreed to allow women bike racers into the Games. The Los Angeles road race may well open the door to pursuit and sprint events in future Games. If that's the case, Twigg will hang in there until 1988.

Between now and the L.A. Olympics comes a series of races that will serve as training events, some with titles at stake. There will be various tours—the 12-day Coors, starting July 6 at Colorado Springs; the nationals, in late July and August in California; and the world

championships in August and September in Switzerland. No matter how she finishes, Twigg will take all of them in stride.

Both Burke and Maas suspect that Twigg is so intelligent that she only seems unconcerned—it may be a sort of reverse, double-hackspin psychological play—and perhaps they are right. "She may seem not to care," says Maas, "but she's very conscious of who beats her and whom she beats. She doesn't say anything and appears not to worry, but, listen, she knows where every person in the pack has finished."

When Burke calls Twigg a "nervous" rider, he means it as a compliment. "At the world championships there she was, up against the mighty Russian," he says. "The pursuit, as you know, is the race in which a handler has to hold bike and rider upright before the start. Well, Twigg was so tense that I thought she was going to fall right over. But at the same time she muttered, 'I know I can beat her,' and she did."

Dr. Andy Jacobs, the official stress psychologist for this and other U.S. teams, recently presented the cyclists with an exercise in imaging. "He told us to picture the race and then to picture ourselves winning it," says Twigg. "But I find it hard to think in those terms. I think about the wind and I think about

where my competitors are. In pursuit, I start out hearing some voices and crowd reaction at first. Then I can hear only my coach yelling splits. By the last lap, I can't hear a thing."

As happens when success comes in bike racing, Twigg is now well sponsored, and supplied with bikes and clothes and all manner of racing accoutrements. She is a member of the elite 7-Eleven team, one of five national squads competing under commercial banners, and her "expenses" are paid, though not on as handsome a scale as are those of, say, members of the U.S. ski team.

Still, the tough times lie ahead, and Burke, for one, has nightmares about one aspect of what's to come. "Just imagine the disillusion that's about to take place," he says. "Think of it. Out of all these women, the best in the land, we must cut the field down to just three who'll go to the Olympics. We'll get the three finest, of course, but that could also be counterproductive. Suppose, just for the sake of argument, that the surviving three are Twigg, Carpenter and Novara-Reber. O.K. Everybody knows that it's an unhappy fact of international racing that if you've got three cyclists on your team, something's going to happen to one of them and you will be left with two. There'll be a flat tire, or a breakdown, or a crash or something—and you're left with two. It always happens."

"Now, then. Suppose, by luck or whatever, that Carpenter is in the breakaway, the small pack that suddenly takes off into the lead. That would leave Rebecca and Sue back in the pack, right? Now in international racing, they're supposed to block for their teammate who is out in front. The French have an outfit called Team Mystique that does it best—seven guys who are not in there to win, whose only job is to see that their star wins it. But here we are, at the 1984 Olympics, in a similar situation. Will Rebecca and Sue throw themselves off the bridge, in effect, to keep Carpenter in the lead? Would Carpenter do it if either of the others made a break for it? Or will they all go bloozy and start some mad, all-out reckless dash?"

Who knows? Certainly not Burke and assuredly not Twigg, who avoids such hypothetical discussions just now. She's too smart for that. Literally. Speaking of stress psychology, she has a little mental image of her own. She says, "I picture myself on the attack."

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Outfielder Barbaro Garbey, 26, a top prospect in the Detroit organization, was put on probation May 27 for his participation in a game-fixing scheme in 1976-78 in his native Cuba. The ruling by John H. Johnson, the president of the minor leagues, is a mere hand slap, however, compared to the lifetime suspension from all sports that Garbey and 24 other players received from Cuban authorities in 1978.

Garbey (pronounced Gar-BAY) was a 17-year-old phenom when he made the Havana Industriales of the Selective Series, the Cuban major league, in 1974. Only two years later the gifted teen-ager

batted .329 as a rightfielder and third baseman and earned a place on Cuba's amateur world champion national team. Garbey was also on the national team the following season, though no world championship tournament was held.

In 1978 Garbey, by then married and the father of the first of his two daughters, was recognized as a major star of Cuba's favorite pastime. He was on his way to surpassing the renown of his older brother, Rolando, who had won the world amateur light middleweight boxing championship in 1974 and Pan American Games gold medals in 1967, '71 and '75. Meanwhile, his younger sis-

by Herm Weiskopf

ter, Marcia, was progressing as a sprinter and long jumper. She has since become one of Cuba's leading woman athletes.

It was also in 1978 that Cubans were shocked to learn about a game-fixing ring that was already in its third year. Following an investigation, the National Sports Institute passed a resolution that barred Garbey and the 24 others from participating in organized athletics in Cuba for the rest of their lives. Two years later, in the spring of 1980, the disgraced Garbey fled his country without his wife and daughters as one of the 125,000 Cubans in the so-called Freedom Flotilla to America.

Because of Cuba's proud baseball heritage, major league scouts went to Florida in hopes of finding another Tony Oliva, Minnie Minoso or Mike Cuellar among the exiles. The Tigers, however, were the only big league team to sign one of the Cubans. They selected three, signing Garbey on June 6, 1980 and sending him to Lakeland of the Class A Florida State League, where he batted .364. Garbey spent most of 1981 and all of '82 in Birmingham of the Class AA Southern League and last year hit .298 with 17 homers and 99 RBIs. This season Garbey moved up again, first to the Tigers' spring-training roster, before being assigned to their Class AAA American As-

sociation team in Evansville, Ind. At the end of last week Garbey, the only 1980 exile still active, was batting .310. "Garbey is definitely a major league prospect," says Detroit President Jim Campbell.

Garbey's troubles in this country began last month, when of his own accord he revealed to *The Miami Herald* some details of his involvement in the Cuban scandal. He took an unusual stance, however, saying, "I know I did right. I can do nothing in Cuba with 95 pesos [his monthly salary]. How are you going to buy a television in Cuba that costs 700 pesos? If I want my little girl to watch television, what can I do?" Garbey added, "When I was on the Cuban national team everyone was nice. Then, when I was not, everybody put me on the floor."

Garbey has refused to talk to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, but he stated in the *Herald* interview and to Johnson that he took an undisclosed amount of money only to help keep his powerful team's winning scores from being too lopsided. Specifically, he told Johnson, he did what might be called "shaving" in six games in 1978.

However, sources in Cuba last week gave *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* a different version. They say Garbey admitted throwing games, not just shaving runs, from 1976 until he and the others were caught in 1978. "Garbey prostituted himself and brought dishonor to Cuban sports," says Juan Luis Suse, the head of Cuba's amateur baseball federation.

Nor does Suse have much sympathy for Garbey's contention that he took money to help support his family. Suse points out that such essentials in Cuba as housing, health care and education are inexpensive or free. Like the other Cuban major-leaguers, Garbey was allowed to miss up to 150 days of work annually when not playing baseball and still get paid a minimum wage by his work center—for him, a fishing company.

How do Garbey's relatives in Cuba feel? A leading Cuban sportswriter says Garbey's brother and sister are known as "solid revolutionaries who felt that his delinquency and abandonment of the country was a betrayal." (His wife and

continued

Now it's Yanqui sí, Cuba no

Banned for game-fixing on his home island, Barbaro Garbey plays on here



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children are living with her family.) A sister-in-law of Garbey's told SI, "I don't want to talk about him. I don't want to hear anything about him. . . . We don't want to have anything to do with him."

There's some concern in Cuba that Garbey's experiences in that country will be misrepresented in the U.S. Said the local sportswriter, "I have no doubt that the U.S. propagandists will use him to tell the world of a rags-to-riches story in the United States without ever mentioning once that he seriously violated the ethical and official rules here and betrayed the people's trust."

In fact, the sportswriter's misgivings may be justified. In his strangely worded statement upon putting Garbey on probation, Johnson said, "Activities of this sort in a professional game here would not be tolerated. However, these events took place five years ago in a foreign country whose government, whose culture and whose governmentally operated sports establishment are vastly different from those of North America. Just how these differing circumstances may have influenced the events in 1978 is not clear." Also, Garbey's manager in Evansville, Gordon MacKenzie, has said, "I think all this is blown out of proportion. It's ridiculous to make so much out of it. Reporters should talk to people who live down there and find out what it's like."

Under Rule 21 of the Professional Baseball Rules, Johnson might have found Garbey "permanently ineligible." It applies to "any player . . . who shall promise or agree to lose, or to attempt to lose, or to fail to give his best efforts to towards the winning of any Baseball game. . . ." However, Johnson concluded that to declare Garbey ineligible or to impose a suspension "would be inappropriate at this time." Indeed, Johnson said that Garbey's conduct in the minors has been "above reproach," while Tiger Vice President Bill Lajoie, who was with Garbey while he was being questioned in New York on May 25 and 26, says, "We think the world of Garbey as a person. He's an outstanding citizen."

For now, Garbey's case remains in Johnson's hands. He will decide if any permanent action should be taken after this season. If the Tigers want to bring Garbey up, however, his case will fall within the jurisdiction of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. And a spokesman for Kuhn says, "He is not going to talk about a hypothetical situation."

INSIDE PITCH

When 57-year-old George Bamberger resigned as manager of the hapless Mets last week to be replaced by Coach Frank Howard, 46, he said, "I don't want to suffer anymore." Clearly, he's better off without the Mets. But the Mets also may be better off without him.

Even considering Bamberger's renowned expertise in working with pitchers, it seems strange that Mets General Manager Frank Cashen wanted Bambi back this season. Cashen had to coax him

"If you're a cleanup hitter, I'm a brain surgeon," yelled a fan in Chicago to 5' 10", 177-pound Phil Garner, who really is Houston's No. 4 batter. After walloping a home run to help the Astros win 12-10 that day, Garner shouted at his detractor, "What time's the operation?"

out of retirement for the '82 season, when the Mets went 65-97; he had to persuade him to return this year; and he had to dissuade him from resigning last month. Bamberger's heart just wasn't in the job.

He might have been able to manage a serious contender, a team of veterans on which the most important part of the job is keeping everybody happy. But with a bad team like the Mets, the manager has to transmit a sense of urgency about winning to the players. Bamberger may have suffered with every loss, but the players knew the job wasn't the most important thing in his life. After all, he spent three off days this season in his Florida home and told everyone how enjoyable those days were.

As one Mets employee said a few weeks ago, "How do you think some of these guys will play when they know the manager doesn't care and won't be back next year?"

Pitcher Dennis Leonard of the Royals, whose 6-3 start was his best ever, may be through for the season after surgery to repair a torn tendon in his left knee. . . . Less likely to impair Kansas City's pennant aspirations was the damaged knee cartilage suffered by Trainer Mickey Cobb. While Cobb was out for four days,

Paul McGannon, the trainer with the Royals' Omaha farm team, was brought up for a cup of coffee. . . . Two Oakland infielders fizzled in brief trials: First Baseman Kelvin Moore hit .193 and Shortstop Tony Phillips .223. Moore is out of a job, and although Phillips will stay at short, Manager Steve Boros feels his weak arm will eventually require a shift to second. . . . A's Outfielder Dwayne Murphy doesn't like Boros' reliance on computer stats. Says Murphy, "Things are computerized enough. I hate to see it happen in baseball." . . . Cliff Johnson, Toronto's designated hitter, whacked his ninth homer last week, exceeding last year's output by Blue Jay DHs.

Big-leaguers, aware that bats break more easily these days, are correct when they say bats aren't what they used to be. However, Rex Bradley, the major league rep for the Hillenrich & Bradisby bat manufacturers, insists the trouble stems mostly from the way today's players want bats contoured. And Bradley feels that, in a way, the hitting of California's Rod Carew has contributed to the problem.

"Carew wants a bat with the biggest barrel, the smallest handle and 31 ounces," says Bradley. "The good Lord doesn't grow timber like that. Most players want bats like Carew's because they feel it might help them hit like he does."

Bradley says the white ash used for bats "is as good as ever" and that fragility has increased partly because so much wood has to be trimmed for the skinny handles on Carew-type models. "And if you want a big barrel, you need a light piece of timber," Bradley adds. "It's not as dense as a heavier piece. Consequently, it's not as good."

Here are two good young outfielders to keep tabs on: Kevin McReynolds, 23, of the Padres and Ricky Nelson, 24, of the Mariners. McReynolds, a righthanded hitter, last year batted .376 in 90 games in

TRAINING ROOM

Houston Pitcher Nolan Ryan, who was expected to return to the mound early this week, did a lot of rehabilitation work in the family swimming pool. While recuperating from a left hamstring pull, Ryan "ran" for about 15 minutes every day in the shallow end and treaded water for a few minutes more in the deep end.

Class A and .352 in 40 games at Double A. After hitting .372 with 12 homers and 45 RBIs in 52 games at the Triple A level this spring, McReynolds last week homered in his first game for San Diego. The left-hand-hitting Nelson, who was batting .343 in Triple A ball before being brought up by Seattle on May 17, set a Mariner rookie record by hitting in 12 straight games.

San Diego's bullpen, which had been 0-10, picked up two victories each from Gary Lucas and John Montefusco. . . "He scares me to death," says Atlanta Manager Joe Torre of Pitcher Phil Niekro, 44, who twice in recent weeks has slid into home headfirst. . . In the belief that more work may get his sinker to sink again, the Giants shifted Greg Minton from No. 1 right-handed short reliever to unglamorous long man. . . Outfielder Von Hayes, who came to Philadelphia from Cleveland in exchange for five players, continues to have problems. Hayes has been nagged by injuries and through Sunday was hitting .179. "The thing that bothers some people is that

BALL PARK FIGURES

Through Sunday, there were 11 players with at least 85 at bats who weren't hitting their weight this year:

	WEIGHT	AVG.
Bob Brenly, Giants	210	.182
Tom Brunansky, Texas	210	.195
Rick Cerone, Yankees	185	.176
Al Cowens, Mariners	200	.181
Carlton Fisk, White Sox	220	.197
Dave Hogue, Rangers	215	.190
Dave Kingman, Mets	218	.193
Greg Luzinski, White Sox	225	.205
Darryl Strawberry, Mets	190	.161
Gorman Thomas, Brewers	200	.183
George Vukovich, Indians	198	.126

he's a helmet and bat thrower," Phillie Manager Pat Corrales says. "I don't care for that, either."

A month after he blasted Cub fans in a profane tirade, Chicago Manager Lee Elia shoved a TV cameraman out of his office. Because such behavior is out of character for Elia, he was asked if the pressure of having one of the worst teams in the majors was getting to him. "I don't like that word," Elia said. "I hear people



LUMBER WITHOUT SLUMBER

The Atlanta Braves aren't the least bit impressed with Rod Carew's pursuit of a .400 season (page 74). After all, they have Terry Forster. The left-handed reliever got his seventh save of the year in an 8-1 win over St. Louis last week and also slapped a single through the infield to maintain his sea-

son average at 1.000 (3 for 3) and raise his career mark to .424 (28 for 66). "I'm not a good hitter. I'm lucky," Forster says. "I just try to be aggressive. At this level, the ball is always around the plate. If you're swinging, you'll get hits."

Forster has always enjoyed batting. The White Sox signed him in 1970 as a first baseman-pitcher out of Santiago High in San Diego. "The Sox sent me down to their farm team in Appleton, Wisconsin, and early on we had a practice game against Duluth. I started at first base for Duluth and went 2 for 3. The last three innings I pitched for Appleton and struck out nine guys. After the game, they told me, 'You're going to be a pitcher.'"

Forster keeps his batting eye sharp in the off-season by hitting against pitching machines and he takes extra b.p. early in spring training to strengthen his left wrist and to build calluses on his left hand for—he says—pitching.

say the pressure is getting to me. But it's not. Something, somehow is going to frustrate anyone. Sometimes I feel I'm being invaded as a person." He added that the Elia who has been exploding "isn't me." Elia concluded by saying, "People from my church, people who know me, can't believe it."

After the 1982 baseball season, Dodger Reliever Steve Howe spent five weeks at The Meadows in Wickenburg, Ariz. for treatment of alcohol and cocaine addiction. Last week Howe, who has won or saved nine games this season and has a 0.00 ERA, checked into the CareUnit Hospital in Orange, Calif. for more drug treatment. "Steve could have gone right down the toilet this weekend," Howe's agent, Tony Attanasio, said. "It takes guts to admit a mistake the first time. It takes more guts to admit it the second time." . . . Considering Howe's difficulties, it may be appropriate that the Dodgers were among the first players to hear about the dangers of illegal betting, drugs and unsavory persons from federal agents last week. Expanding a program that's already used in the NBA, representatives of the FBI and Drug Enforcement Agency also talked to Cleveland players.

Former Astro and Yankee executive Tai Smith is traveling with the Mariners as a special consultant to owner George Argyros. Argyros says Smith will help "evaluate our system and help form a

structural plan for long-term development of our farm system, as well as help improve us at the big league level." Another of Smith's duties is to observe Seattle players he may have to benched when he represents the club in postseason arbitration cases.

After hearing that Willie Mays had called him "the most complete player in the game today," Montreal Centerfielder Andre Dawson homered in his next two games. . . During a 3-2 victory over the Pirates, the Cubs got six outs on four pitches, ending the second with a triple play and retiring the side in the next inning on three pitches. . . The Pirates' five-game winning streak to start the season looks like an accident now. Without it, their percentage for the season would be .310, the worst in baseball. . . It's a

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ANDRE DAWSON: The Montreal centerfielder went 14 for 31 including a 5 for 5 performance to raise his average to a league-leading .347. He had three home runs and eight RBIs and scored 12 runs.

strange thing to say about a team that includes some of the best-known hitters in the game, but Garry Matthews of the slumping Phillies believes "Pitchers have no fear of our club anymore. They get ahead of us throwing strikes and then get us out on bad pitches."



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Sometimes obscured by his relentless quest for overstatement and the pursuit of the dramatic is the fact that John Corker of the USFL's Michigan Panthers, a big, strong and not so silent type, is one terrific outside linebacker. "I'm just what the doctor ordered," says Corker, writing his own press release. "I'm 6' 6", 240 and I can run. I'm all you ever want on a pass drop, and running backs don't get around me."

Hard-noses find the loquacious Corker a bit much, but if you like your linebackers to have a little style, then he's your man. His is imposing a personal reign of terror on quarterbacks, leading the league in sacks—and cracks—while finally living up to his heralded potential.

As Washington Federals Quarterback Kim McQuilken put it to his offensive line earlier this season, during its siege in which Corker decked McQuilken five times: "Isn't anybody going to block him?" Those five sacks didn't even constitute Corker's best game. On May 16 against New Jersey this rampaging loudmouth, who's known as Sac Man to his friends, got to the quarterback six times.

Last Sunday he probably wished he had saved up a couple of those as Michigan lost a heartbreaker 29–20 to the Philadelphia Stars, the USFL's best team—12–2 on the year—in Philly's Veterans Stadium. The Stars knew all about Corker and didn't run once to his side of the field. It's news when Corker doesn't get a tackle in the opponents' backfield, and to help make that news, the Stars stationed three receivers on his flanks, sent men in motion and focused a great deal of attention on him. Philly Tackle Brad Oates, who earlier in the week had come into the club offices at eight in the morning several times to study Michigan game films, said, "The line tried to neutralize Corker's game by going at him. You can't be tentative or sit back and wait for

by Barry McDermott

him. You really have to be aggressive."

The Stars, who had yielded 45 sacks in their earlier games, gave up only two on Sunday, neither by Corker, who was kept so busy that he was able to rush Quarterback Chuck Fusina only 10 times all afternoon. Fusina, whose slowness in getting rid of the ball had made him a vulnerable target in previous games, was in top form, connecting on 24 of 32 passes for 227 yards and three TDs.

Nonetheless, Corker still leads the USFL with a resounding 21 sacks, 10 more than runner-up Fred Nordgren of Tampa Bay. If he were a fighter pilot, the emblems on his plane denoting enemy kills would stretch back to the tail assembly. No wonder Corker, who thinks false humility is dishonest, talks about himself. Teammate Thom Dornbrook, an offensive guard, says, "He's got a right to be flamboyant. He's the best linebacker in the league."

It's intriguing to think, as Corker goes about singlehandedly dismantling opponents' game plans, that he might be playing out of position. In college at Oklahoma State in 1976–79, he was primarily a middle linebacker and in his junior year tore apart the Big Eight before an injury to his left knee stopped him. "He had 130 tackles in seven games that season before he got hurt," says Jim Stanley, the former coach at Oklahoma State who's now head man with the Panthers. "I've never seen anything like it, before or since."

Michigan's linebacker coach, Larry Coyer, worked under Stanley at Oklahoma State, and occasionally they muse about the possibility of shifting to a 4–3 defense so they could move Corker into the middle. "I've seen all of the great ones—Jack Lambert at Pittsburgh, Lee Roy Jordan at Dallas—and it's not even close," says Coyer. "The guy we saw at Oklahoma State, he was better than all of 'em."

Surprisingly, were it not for the USFL, Corker might by now have disappeared from pro football. With the Houston Oilers, for whom he wore a uniform and often a sour expression in 1980, '81 and '82, Corker was strictly an understudy behind

Sac Man lives up to his name

Panther John Corker is a corker, as a defender and as a character



Corker, who's known to give lip on the field and off, backs up his words with deeds.

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Robert Brazile and Ted Washington, Houston's top linebackers.

"John's not the kind of guy you can mislead [Corker felt the Oilers coaches had promised to give him a better shot at a starting job than he got]," says Stanley, trying to explain Corker's dismal showing in the NFL. "Once he doesn't trust you, you're just whistlin' Dixie. He's got a deep pride, contrary to what you might gather from his outward behavior."

The Oilers cut Corker in November of last season, after three games. Stanley, who by then was coach of the nascent Panthers, quickly got in touch with him, and Corker, now 24, signed a one-year contract with a one-year option. "I went from bad timing to perfect timing," he says. "Now it's everything I ever dreamed about. What I'm doing is showing people there's a ballplayer here."

Michigan plays a 3-4 defense in which Corker is the key man. An exceptional athlete who was all-state in both football and basketball during his high school days in Miami, he flip-flops from side to side so opponents can't be sure where the blitz, which Corker attempts about 15 times a game, will come from. "He adds an intimidation factor," says Coyer.

Corker believes that by talking so big he gives himself an incentive to play hard. When he was still in college he met, somewhat fatefully, Brazile and confidently told him, "I'm going to get drafted by Houston and come down there and take your job." He was half right. "It was time to eat some words," says Corker about his faulty prophecy.

Lately, as news of his unbridled confidence has spread, Corker has noticed not only that the other teams have been loading up on him on pass blocking, but also that the officials are giving him closer scrutiny. "I don't know if I can talk crazy anymore," he says. "I know a lot of people are looking at me. I may have to let my intimidation come from my playing ability and not my mouth."

Corker favors jewelry and nice cars. "Stylin' and glidin'" is what he calls the auto trips he takes; one stretched from coast to coast in his Cadillac Eldorado. He's also the only guy on the Panthers with a Louis Vuitton belt, which to them is the zenith of designer chic. Last week Corker noticed that some of his teammates were moving up in the sartorial standings, that there was a smattering of sharp suits. "What we ought to do," he announced, "is put up 100 bucks each

and have a team 'dress down.' " Rookie Receiver Anthony Carter, who's averaging 19.9 yards a catch but is still partial to letter sweaters, said, "Can I throw in my pair of sharp pants wit'cha all?"

Football players with big talk and no action—the sassy without the dash—do not last long, but Corker's best endorsement as a solid producer comes from Stanley, a tough customer who grew up in the coal-mining town of Lynch, Ky., played for Bear Bryant at Texas A&M and coached with Bum Phillips in high school and college. Stanley is a no-nonsense guy, maybe the only coach anywhere without a single picture on his office walls. "I like character and class," he says. "If you have them, you

and have made 14 of 24 field goals, and after each successful one had gloated. "Novo gets up in the other linebackers' faces," says Corker, laughing. Bojovic weighs only 170 pounds. "Someone's going to kill him," says Corker.

Though he has a Slavic accent, Novo can talk stuff. "Man, the girl be trippin', man" is his description of a female friend. "Novo speaks like he's from Harlem," says Corker. Actually, Bojovic was born in Titograd, but he has lived in Michigan since 1975, which explains his Motown sound. "I gotta stop doing that talkin' on the field, man," he says. "It don't go, man, in the pros." Dig it, Novo.

But on Sunday you could figure out that things were not going well for Michi-



Even after being no-go against Philly, Novo had clicked on 58% of his field-goal tries.

don't mind working. Corker's that kind."

Before last Sunday, Michigan had been the hottest team in the league, winning seven of the last nine, including six straight, as Corker threatened to fill emergency wards with disabled quarterbacks. They also ruffled some feelings with their flip-Corker-style chatter. Philadelphia Tackle Irv Eatman termed them "arrogant." Eatman wasn't talking only about Corker. Even the Michigan kicker, a transplanted Yugoslav named Novo Bojovic, who for good luck keeps garlic in his kicking shoe, gets in on the act. Bo-

gan by the sounds of silence on the field. For Novo, it was no-go. He missed two field goals, a 34- and a 48-yarder, and even his syntax was quiet. "What can you do?" he said. "You have to live your life. You can't let one game kill you."

Corker was subdued but not deflated. Todd that Eatman had said, "I didn't hear much talk out of Corker today." Sac Man replied, "Guys who make comments like that, you have to check their character. I thought I played pretty well. Still, it's a team game and a team loss, so I guess I didn't play well enough."

END



Karolyi's baleful stare could coax a winning performance from anyone.

in the sport for the rest of the season. As promised, it all started out to be routinely terrific, but then, suddenly, it got better.

Every championship event should have a tricky development that, well, jumps right out at you and, better yet, rumors of dark intrigue. Look over there, under the banners and bunting, and check out that chip with the Rhett Butler mustache and what could only be an expensive razor cut. Ah ha! It's none other than Bela Karolyi, once the national coach of Romania, the man who brought you world and Olympic champion Nadia Comaneci, plus team after team of winners from his secret training camp at Deva, in darkest Transylvania. Karolyi defected to the U.S. in 1981 with a suitcase, leaving everything else behind, including an elegantly shabby old Mercedes, perhaps the only one in all of Transylvania. That ought to have provided a clue: A guy who'll do that must be up to something.

by Bob Ottum

This was going to be a straight report on the McDonald's USA gymnastics championships last weekend at the University of Illinois' Chicago Pavilion—you know, 140 elite athletes from 40 states, including 25 universities and 30 clubs, led by Bart Conner and Kathy Johnson and Julianne McNamara, the veterans, back again and presumably better than ever. The winners, the top-scoring 18 men and 21 women, would make up the official U.S. team for this last crucial year before the 1984 Olympics. Not only that, the competition would qualify them for a shot at the Pan Am Games, the World University Games and National Sports Festival, as well as the world championship team trials—just about everything big that'll be going on

are the powerful ones." A pause here for dramatic effect. "Right now, as a club, we could beat the U.S. team."

Maybe so, but for now one should simply gaze in wonder upon Karolyi's Aerial Circus: Dianne Durham of Gary, Ind. and Mary Lou Retton of Fairmont, W. Va., both 15 and in their first appearances as seniors, one black, one white, both so dynamic they were the hit of last weekend's show—not an easy stunt to pull off in an arena full of high rollers. "No doubt about it, Bela's girls will be great," says Conner. "That is, if they can manage to stay inside their bodies between now and the Olympics."

That's an old gymnastic expression, but it seems clear enough: Dianne and Mary Lou are pint-size, but both have such powerful shoulders and thighs that one does wonder if they can continue to contain all this strength. They walk like a pair of little bitty James Cagneys, which, surprisingly, isn't at all unflattering in girls that cute and perky. And 15.

And there was no way that they were going to leave Chicago without making the national team. Consider their accomplishments coming into the meet. Mary Lou, all 4' 5" and 75 pounds of her, is a onetime junior national whiz, and as a senior she has won the all-around at the American Classic and Caesars Palace In-

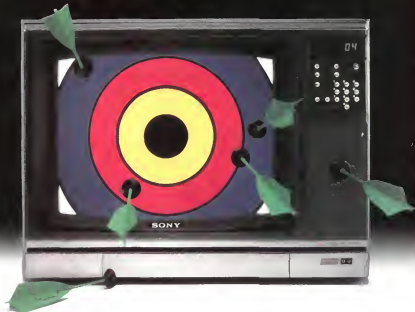
The double Romanian twist

Coached by Bela Karolyi, Nadia's ex, top U.S. prospects are flourishing

Absolutely. Since then Karolyi has gained control of the best U.S. women gymnasts to come along in years, a pair of young competitors who hold such promise for world and Olympic triumph that it's a bit scary. He has 300 more kids in training at his Sundance Athletic Club in Houston, including six he says are already approaching world class, and he's clearly planning to seize more, a situation that's not exactly spreading joy among other coaches. "Life is very fast," Karolyi says, in an accent bespeaking murky castles. "Already we dominate all of Texas gymnastics. Since last July, my team hasn't lost to anyone. No one. Now, we

visional, as well as two world AA titles. She came to Chicago as the only American gymnast undefeated in any all-around competition since August 1982. "Not bad," she says, "for a little old West Virginia girl." Best of all, she already has a move she hopes will be named after her—*The Retton*—that could go down in gymnastics history. It's a stunning feat for one so young, and at the moment she's the only one doing it. "I'm on top of the uneven bars," she says, "and then I swing down and I belly-beat the lower bar, see, and then I rise up into a front flip off the high bar, and then I let go and do a complete front flip and land sitting

continued



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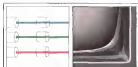
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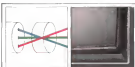
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on the high bar." All in about the time it takes an audience to say *Wow!* Mary Lou is careful to point out that her original coach, Gary Rafaelowski, thought up the move, though Karolyi "helped me polish it."

Dianne, who at 4' 7" towers over her teammate, also came in strong, as a onetime junior elite champion and all-around winner of 1982's U.S. Gymnastics Federation International Invitational. And she, too, has an arsenal of moves—soaring vaults and, most notably, a floor routine that often includes three double-backs, double somersaults done backward. "I just, like, I just do it," she says. "My routine is, I guess you'd call it bold; that's a good word to use."

Bold, you bet. The girls were a joy to watch. On the compulsory vault Dianne bounded so high that she practically got lost in the lights. She came down to a 9.65 (out of the possible 10). On the beam Mary Lou was a tiny demon, and she collected a 9.45 on vault. By the end of the Friday night session, there was the shape of future U.S. gymnastics for all to see: Durham was in first place with 37.55 points of a possible 40; McNamara was next with 37.40, and then came Retton with 37.15. And in the optionals on Saturday night, with the combined score of the two events making up the all-around, Dianne and Mary Lou proceeded to shoot out the lights.

Karolyi darted nervously from girl to girl, telling each one to "Go for it—hard!" "Bela's good at pumping us up," Mary Lou says. Dianne is more matter-of-fact. Nodding at a competitor who had bobbed slightly on a double backflip, she said, "Bela would have killed me if I'd done that." So go for it they did, in a wondrous display of young power to action.

First to falter under the Saturday night attack was the smooth Tracee Talavara, who had won this meet the last two years. By the time the rotation had moved around to the beam, the seventh of her eight events, she had dropped off to 21st spot, but when it was all over Talavara had scrambled back to 16th to claim a place on the team.

McNamara and 23-year-old Kathy Johnson fared better. When Retton



In Chicago, Durham was definitely on the beam.

scored 9.2 on the beam, Johnson countered with a 9.5, despite a slip, but on the vault Dianne gave them a layout Tsukahara with a full twist—a move many women try but few achieve—and came down with a 9.9. To the floor exercise Retton unleashed some of the night's highest bounces and collected another 9.2. Johnson fell attempting a double back-pike, that old forehead smasher, and still got a 9.05—which told everybody in the house just how tough it was going to be to ouge aside the judges' oldtime favorites. She finished fifth.

Ah, but there was no stopping the kids. Mary Lou produced her almost patented Retton on the uneven bars—a 9.6 effort—and in the vault she had the guts to actually go for a Tsukahara double twist, a 1½ layout backward somersault with not one, but two twists. Only Mary Lou has ever done this—just three weeks ago, at the Elite Nationals in Colorado

Springs, scoring a 10—and for a moment all competition stopped. She doggone near made it this time: Seldom has the air been so full of one spinning, twisting body. It earned her a 9.6, and that pretty much was that.

When the smoke cleared, Durham, a powerful gymnast still young enough to carry a Teddy bear around the arena under one arm, had won it all, with 76.10 points out of a possible 80—behold, the first black woman champion in the sport. In second place with 75.05 was the 17-year-old McNamara, and in third, just .05 of a point away with 75.00 even, was Retton.

Durham's and Retton's vault into the big time also marked the seemingly inexorable advance of Karolyi, the new guy on the continent. Some U.S. gymnastics folks are bitter about his success. To hear them talk, one would think Karolyi had swept the girls up in his great Transylvanian cape. Perhaps what many in the sport forget is that the good old-fashioned talent raid is a particularly American institution; heck, sporting tycoons have been doing it for years. Any coach who lets himself get beat at the game by a newcomer would do better to pause and rethink the situation.

The men's competition was relatively free of intrigue: While exciting, it went more or less as expected.

The winner was Mitch Gaylord, 22, of UCLA, followed by Peter Vidmar, 21, also of UCLA, and Jim Hartung, 22, from Nebraska. Conner, a former World Cup champ on pommel horse and world champ on bars, an old man at 25 who operates out of Norman, Okla., finished ninth—safely, of course, on the traveling team.

In Sunday's individual-event finals, the traditional showboat part of these meets, the earlier winners simply proved their performances had not been flukes. When the chalk dust had settled, Gaylord was champ of the floor exercise, still rings and parallel bars, and Dianne had swept the titles in floor exercise, vault and beam.

A dynasty was in the making last weekend, but after all, dynasties aren't hard to build when you know how. "I learned all this," Karolyi says, "in the school of life."

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by William Tsaftis

This octopus embraces all

Agent-announcer Donald Dell's tennis specialty: conflicts of interest

Now that Donald Dell has chalked up the French Open and set his sights on Wimbledon, his next commenting gig for NBC, the time is ripe for the TV question nobody seems willing to ask: Inasmuch as Dell serves as the agent for many of the players he covers for NBC, and recently delivered the French Open TV rights to the very network that employs him as an analyst, how can viewers be expected to buy a used commentary from this man? Let's put it another way. However insightful and articulate Dell may be—and he scores brilliantly on those counts—is he credible? After all, he admits to having as many conflicts of interest as John McEnroe has disposable razors.

Dell's Washington, D.C.-based firm, ProServ Inc., handles the business affairs of Yannick Noah, Jimmy Connors, Tracy Austin and about half the remainder of the ATP printout sheets. He's the octopus of tennis, his tentacles reaching everywhere. ProServ administers the Grand Prix tour, the TV rights of which Dell peddled to the USA Cable Network, where he's also a commentator. He still appears on telecasts of events he sells to PBS. And yet we're supposed to believe that he can promote a tournament's interests, his players' interests, his own interests and the interests of unwitting viewers all at the same time.

Dell, the former Davis Cup captain whose organizing talents helped usher in the age of open tennis in the late 1960s, says the crucial point about such conflicts is disclosure. "Tell 'em and forget it" is his motto. He doesn't worry if a player is 1) his, 2) somebody he'd like to have or 3) some ingrate who just crawled into another agent's embrace. Dell says, "I try to call the match exactly as I see it." NBC did mention at the outset of the French Open finals that Dell represents Noah. Dell, whose main function seemed to be to hold Bjorn Borg's mike, never referred to his divided loyalty again. But on USA's coverage of early-round French action, Dell appeared during the final game of Austin's loss to Jo Durie of England without a peep about his relationship to Austin. Minutes later, when Con-



nors joined him in the booth, Dell made several flattering remarks about Jimbo, including one at the expense of McEnroe, who is represented by his father. No word on Dell and Connors often being a duo on the dotted line.

Dell's status as a talking head also puts him in potential conflict as a TV rights negotiator. NBC Sports President Arthur Watson says Dell—"We watch him carefully"—was placed on the French Open for his talent only. But it's curious that the assignment came after Dell had been in a kind of purgatory during NBC's Wimbledon coverage last year (he was brought in only as the result of a scheduling snafu) as well as after he negotiated the sale of the French Open rights to NBC last fall.

That made CBS as angry as Lieke Martens on his worst day. The network, which had broadcast from Paris for three years, sued the French Tennis Federation and NBC, and charged that Dell, acting as exclusive agent for FTF, had structured the deal against it and circumvent-

ed its right to equal any other offer for the tournament. To stay alive in the French Open sweepstakes, CBS had to agree to four conditions, including the promotion of Wimbledon—an unheard-of demand, considering that NBC was airing that tournament—or pay a total of \$640,000, much more than the \$475,000 NBC had offered. CBS also argued that Dell tried to get a piggyback ride for ProServ's made-for-TV Pepsi Grand Slam as part of the deal. CBS eventually settled for \$117,000 from NBC, but no apology from double D.

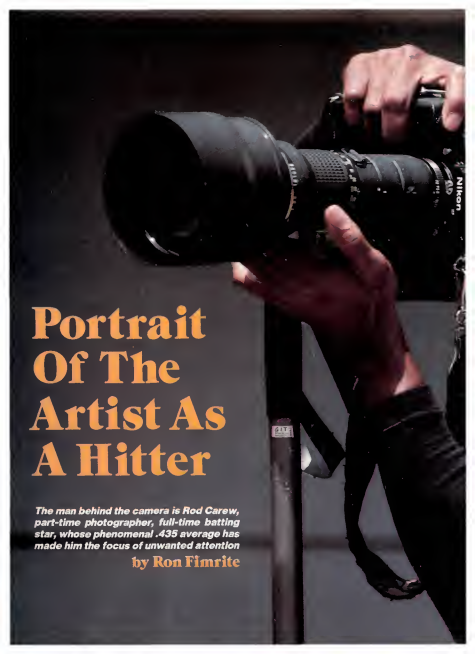
Dell denies he offered quid pro quos to CBS and says it's illogical to suppose he'd steer the French to NBC to position himself behind the mike. "I'm no swami who waves the magic wand," he says. "I bring two of-

fers—or 10 offers—to Philippe Chatrier [the FTF president]. He's the one who makes the decisions."

Whatever the case, Carl Lindemann doesn't accept the good-soldier routine. Says Lindemann, a former vice-president for NBC Sports who is currently in a similar capacity at CBS: "We bought the French, the Italian and Wimbledon when I was at NBC. He pressed us; he would lobby us for an on-the-air position. You didn't meet with Donald without his saying, 'Why don't you use me?' But for an agent to go on the air where he could build up the tournament or players he represented, I thought that was absolutely unconscionable."

Exactly. Disclaimers aside, the viewer never knows if Dell is putting a spin on the ball, tilting toward one player or the other. If NBC can use Dell on tennis, it might as well use Don King on boxing. Both Donalds promote tournaments, represent athletes and sell TV rights, although, unlike King, Dell has yet to get a haircut from Joe Piscopo.

END



Portrait Of The Artist As A Hitter

The man behind the camera is Rod Carew, part-time photographer, full-time batting star, whose phenomenal .435 average has made him the focus of unwanted attention

by Ron Fimrite



CONTINUED

Rod Carew

continued

Rod Carew, who was hitting .476, nonetheless was taking a little extra batting practice at Anaheim Stadium three hours before a mid-May California Angels game with the Minnesota Twins. Carew was concerned about a sudden and unwelcome proclivity he'd developed for pulling the ball to right-field. He is a batter who earns his keep—about \$900,000 this year—by spraying his bats to all fields, by using, in baseball vernacular, "the whole ball park." He hadn't played, save for one pinch-hitting appearance, in nearly a week, having aggravated an old knee injury, and was worried about regaining his whole-ball-park stroke. It was a pleasantly warm afternoon in Southern California, and aside from Carew and his batting-practice pitcher, Angels Coach Bobby Knoop, there was scarcely anyone on the field. The circumstances were made to order for Carew, a man who treasures his solitude. There he was, alone with his bat and someone to throw baseballs to him, an artist with his brush and canvas.

For the first few minutes Carew whacked screamers down the rightfield line, frowning at this unwanted con-

tenacy. Carew is a handsome man, but not in the conventional sense. The most arresting features on his face are a tiny turned-up nose and a mile-wide mouth that can exaggerate the mildest emotion. When he smiles, the light can be seen as far away as Newport Beach. When he's downcast, there's an eclipse of the sun. This unusually expressive face, as much as anything else, is the source of Carew's reputation for moodiness. Now, his face took on a studious look. Carew stopped the proceedings long enough to place a ball on the outside corner of the plate. "Bobby, would you try to throw it right here," he said in his precise manner, indicating a spot directly above the ball on the plate. Knoop obliged. Still Carew hit the pitch to right.

Knoop offered some unsolicited advice, speaking respectfully, as would anyone proposing to give hitting pointers to a man with a career batting average of .331. "Rodney, it looks like you're breaking your wrist too soon," Knoop said. "You're breaking it right at the plate, instead of afterward." Carew nodded. He stepped into his familiar crouch, which actually isn't really so familiar, because he has half a dozen different variations on his stance to select from, depending on the circumstances and the opposing pitcher. Only his hands, large, yet delicate like a pianist's, remain the same—the bottom, or right, gripping the bat lightly, the top providing an open cradle for it. Not until the pitch is on its way does that top hand grasp the bat. These



The secrets of Carew's hitting include his quick, strong hands and his "soft" grip on the bat.

are quick, strong hands. They are the source of Carew's magic. "He has his own style," says Carew's teammate Bobby Grich. "I call him a hands hitter. You rarely see him pop up because he turns that left hand over."

Carew accepted his coach's counsel, and, as if on command, the line drives started moving from right- to leftfield. Carew smiled luminously. But darkness descended upon his face as he left the batting cage, for he could see a phalanx of cameras and tape recorders awaiting him at the dugout steps. His solitude was broken.

For Carew it was starting all over again. His astonishing early-season hitting had thrust him once more into the glare of publicity he so deplores. There was talk again of his becoming the first .400 hitter since Ted Williams in 1941. He had been through it all once before, in 1977, when he ended up hitting .388, and it nearly drove him to distraction. Another early surger, George Brett, who had his own flirtation with the magic mark in

1980 (he hit .390), had taken some of the heat off Carew in the first weeks of this season, but Brett cooled off and Carew kept going. In late April he had 12 hits in one four-game stretch, a feat all the more remarkable because he went hitless in one of those games. By May 6 he was at an even .500—48 hits in 96 times at bat.

Even his illustrious teammates were stunned. "I've never seen anybody hit like that for so long," said Reggie Jackson, who has had some streaks of his own. "I was like that in the '77 World Series, but that was only six games. We're talking about a hundred at bats here. And of all those hits, there were only a couple of bloopers or infield hits. He was hitting .450 on line drives alone. And he hasn't even started bunting yet." This last was a reference to Carew's exceptional bunting prowess, which has gotten him as many as 25 hits in a season. "The man never wastes a time at bat," says Grich. "I don't care if the score is 16-1 or 2-1. And he makes hitting look so effortless. You watch him and you say to yourself, 'Boy,

that looks easy.' Then you get up there and pop one up."

"The difference between this guy and the rest of us," says another Angel, Doug DeCinces, "is that when we get hot, we go up to .300. When he gets hot, he goes up to .500."

Carew is of two minds about celebrity. On the one hand, he feels he merits recognition as one of the best hitters ever. He's the active player with the highest career batting average. He has won seven batting championships and put together 14 consecutive .300 seasons. Only Ty Cobb, with 12 titles, and Honus Wagner, with eight, have won more batting crowns than Carew (Stan Musial and Rogers Hornsby have won as many), and only Cobb (23), Wagner (17), Musial (16) and Cap Anson and Ted Williams (15 each) have had longer strings of .300 seasons. To be mentioned in the same statistical breath with such bona fide immortals should be worth something, Carew kgi-

continued

Seven silver bats—one for each batting title—adorn Carew's trophy room walls in Anaheim



Rod Carew

(continued)



A slice of Carew—Stephane, Rod, Charyse, Michelle and Marilyn—at home with Sam the cat.

cally concludes. Actually, because he isn't a power hitter, doesn't have a flashy personality and has never played in a World Series, he's comparatively unrecognized. He's a little wistful about this.

On the other hand, Carew is an exceptionally reserved man who abhors the trappings of fame—the constant theft of his time, the invasion of his privacy. Carew can be short with impolite strangers, be they autograph seekers or microphone welders. "He's too sensitive for his own good," says Jackson, Carew's friend and personality opposite. "Rod is relaxed outwardly, but not inwardly. George Brett, Pete Rose and I get a lot of positive press. Rod can turn writers off. I tell him he only needs to reinforce his career through the media to get the recognition he deserves."

"He's an introvert," adds Marilyn Carew, Rod's wife of nearly 13 years. "He's not loud and vivacious. He's deep. He's just a private person. There's nothing wrong with that. The whole world can't be made up of extroverts. You can't make a quiet guy into something else."

Carew is a man of ordered habits, of personal fastidiousness. He has his own rules about talking to the press—not after batting practice and, preferably, not after a defeat. If the rules are properly observed, he is invariably charming, because he is a man of wit and intelligence

Still, he has said both publicly and privately that he's so disenchanted with being on stage that he will seriously consider retiring when his contract with the Angels expires at the end of this season. He will have just turned 38. "Financially I can do it," he says. "I still enjoy playing baseball and I know I can do it for a few more years, but sometimes you have to give up things you enjoy. I know I can walk away from it and not worry. It wouldn't make any difference to me if I hit 400 this year. Marilyn, I know, wants me to go for 3,000 hits [he had 2,749 as of June 5 and was hitting 435], but I don't even think about that. People just don't realize the things you have to go through. I get tired of it all. I could be happy away from it. I love photography. I'd like to do more of it."

Carew is a skilled, self-taught photographer whose eye is at its most sensitive with seascapes and in portraits of his family and teammates. He has invested nearly \$20,000 in photographic equipment and has his own darkroom in his beautiful home in Anaheim. His favorite photographs hang on the family-room wall, including a remarkable portrait of his 7-year-old daughter, Stephane, that makes her appear to be a Polynesian beauty. "She hates it," says Carew. "She thinks it makes her look too old." He brings his cameras to the ball park and

shoots his teammates at play. He brings his gear on the numerous off-season Carew family trips in California, Hawaii and Mexico. And he takes it with him on the road and wanders the streets in search of material. He gives his photographs as Christmas presents, and he is organizing a show of work by himself and other camera buffs among the Angels. A most solitary pursuit, in many ways photography suits Carew better than hitting line drives before 40,000 people.

Baseball would definitely be the loser if its most scientific hitter should pack it in. And Marilyn isn't so sure it's the right thing to do. "I don't want to see him retire prematurely," she says. "I think if he stays healthy [she raps on a wooden coffee table] and can still contribute to a club, he should continue playing. Naturally, you can't get inside someone and see the degree of pressure there, the degree of tired. I think he's got three more good years left. He's got a young body, and those hands are still quick. But you do get fed up. Only he can decide if he's had enough."

Carew is capable of such contrariness that he just might quit at the top. He said as much when he first signed with the Angels in 1979. All his life he has been a sort of storm center of conflicting influences. He was born in Panama of parents whose roots were in the West Indies, so that he grew up as a linguistic hybrid whose first language was Spanish and whose second was broken English with a calypso lilt. He speaks English today with the harest suggestion of a West Indian accent but with not a trace of Spanish. His English is precise and, for a ballplayer, remarkably free of slang or profanity. That alone sets him apart from most of his fellows. When Rick Adams, a rookie Angel infielder, joked about not having been invited to the Carew family "pad," Carew looked up from the stool in front of his locker with an expression of mock horror. "Pad?" he asked incredulously. "Did you say 'pad'?" He looked about the room, conveying his shock. "What have we here? Some kind of Valley Boy?"

Carew was a sickly child yet such a superb athlete that at age 11 he was playing baseball with men in their late teens and early 20s. He has lived in the U.S. for 23 years but retains his Panamanian citizen-

continued

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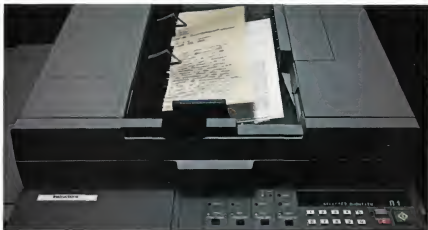
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Rod Carew

continued

ship. In Panama he remains a national hero, although he hasn't set foot there in more than three years. Still, keeping his citizenship "gives the children there someone to look up to," he says. "They need that." He was raised an Episcopalian, but Marilyn is Jewish, and so he now observes the Jewish holidays and, like Sandy Koufax before him, will not play on Yom Kippur.

Carew is a steadfast hit-'em-where-they-ain't disciple in an era that rewards the long ball, patiently lining his artistic little shots to all fields, only occasionally muscling up for a home run. When asked to describe Carew's hitting, Gene Mauch, his manager both at Minnesota (1976-78) and California (1981-82), once remarked with rare humility, "It would be presumptuous of me to describe what an artist does. It would be like asking an art student how Michelangelo paints." Carew

has a word for what he does at the plate: "soft." He says, "I relax the upper part of my body. I don't squeeze the bat. If you do, you lose flexibility. When the pitch comes I can direct my bat in many ways."

Carew is a hard worker who will come unbidden to the ball park a good four hours before every game to hone both his batting and first-base fielding skills. And yet he's such a graceful athlete that to unknowing observers he sometimes looks as if he's not trying. Early in his career, when he was with the Twins, this rap was an often repeated and largely unfair one: "He does things people take for granted because he's so smooth," says Angel Shortstop Tim Lincecum. He has another rare gift, says Foli: "Guys who hit .260 may make adjustments at the plate in the course of a few days. Guys who hit .300 will make them during a game. Guys who hit .400 will make them during a game at bat. That's Rod Carew."

Foli and the other Angels often speak



These two by Carew, who owns \$20,000 worth of photographic equipment, were taken on a vacation in Hawaii.



of the "subtleties" in Carew's game. They are fond of describing a duel Carew had with Boston Reliever Luis Aponte on a chilly evening in Fenway Park in early May. Carew appeared as a pinch hitter (he was nursing the knee injury) in the ninth inning with the score tied 5-5. He fouled off the first pitch, a slider—purposely, it turned out, because he didn't think there was much he could do with it. The second pitch was a ball, and the third he fouled off. Next Aponte threw a forkball, which he later described as the per-

fect two-strike pitch to lure a batter into a swinging strikeout. Carew started to swing, but then, realizing the ball would drop out of the strike zone, he checked himself. Aponte said later that Carew might be the only hitter in the league with that kind of bat control. After fouling off four more pitches, Carew got the fastball he wanted, and he lined it into the gap in left center for a double. He scored the winning run when the next batter singled.

Stephanie Carew, wearing No. 9 on the back of her yellow uniform, seems distracted as she plays first base for the Ms. Pac-Man team in Anaheim's Mini Bobby Sox league. The softball game is going on in front of her, but she's obviously preoccupied with her famous father, sitting on a grassy incline down the rightfield line taking pictures of her. "Stephanie," Rod shouts, "pay

attention, Honey. Watch the game. Be ready with the pitch." These injunctions aren't issued in a commanding voice, but in gentle, fatherly tones. Stephanie turns back to the diamond, but between pitches she fusses with her uniform, pulling up her socks, adjusting her waistband, fiddling with the brim of her cap.

Rod laughs. "She's like me," he says. "I'm very fussy about my uniform. If it gets dirty, I change it. I've always been that way about my appearance. I had very little as a kid, but I made sure I was presentable." He looks back out onto the field. His daughter is fiddling with her shoes. "Pay attention, Stephanie," he calls. He laughs again. "She may be even worse than I am."

The Carews—Rod, Marilyn and daughters Charryse, 9, and Michelle, 5—are sitting on a blanket away from the other parents and friends of the players, who are clustered near home plate at the Peralta Canyon Park playground. "The first time Rod came to one of these

games, the whole team left the field to get his autograph," says Marilyn. "That's why we stay out here in right-field." The youngest daughter is now importing the oldest to take her to the snack bar. Rod hands Charryse some money and sends the two of them off. "Charryse is a real hot dog," he says, watching them. "She loves to hit. I'll come home and she'll ask me how I did and I'll say I got four hits and she'll say, 'Se did I.' I figure there are only so many hits in a family, so one of us will have to slow down."

Stephanie is at the plate now. "She bats left, throws right, just like her dad," says Marilyn. And just like her dad, she singles sharply to the opposite field—that is, to the left side of the infield. Rod is elated. Stephanie turns back from first base to smile at the family. Rod snaps her picture, and then, noticing that she's tugging at her jersey, he beseeches her to pay attention.

"I try to come to every one of the kids' games, but I miss a lot because of my traveling. When I'm here I yell for them, but I don't want to get too involved," he says, changing camera lenses. "I want them to just go out and enjoy themselves. Kids are so aware, they can surprise you. There is pressure on them. When they first started playing softball, the other kids would expect too much of them because they were my daughters. And if they'd do something well, the other kids would say, 'Well, you're Rod Carew's daughter.' Charryse would come to me and say, 'Daddy, because you're a good player, does that mean I have to be?' No, I'd tell her. The idea is to have a good time. I tell them that I make errors and I strike out, too. Everybody does. I want to encourage my daughters to do a lot of things. I want them to be careful with their schoolwork, make sure they do it right. We're very strict with them. We don't allow them to go places by themselves. We don't want them accepting rides from strangers and we don't want them bringing strangers to the house. We want to install certain things in their minds about taking care of themselves. We're not trying to hurt them, just stop them from being hurt."

Stephanie is tagged out trying to score from third on an infield grounder. Carew disagrees with the call. "She missed her

continued

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Rod Carew

continued

with the ball," he says quietly. The autograph seekers are now upon him—little boys and girls with caps, gloves and balls, convoyed by embarrassed mothers and fathers. Carew tries to appear busy with his camera equipment, but he dutifully signs all of the items proffered. One father, a mustachioed man in shorts, risks conversation, although Carew hardly seems the type who would engage in idle chitchat with strangers. "I've got a daughter in each one of these leagues," the man says. "All three of them." Carew looks up beaming. "I've got three daughters too," he tells the stranger. "Wonderful, isn't it?" Encouraged now, the man ventures, "Sure is. The way I look at it, a son will leave you eventually, but a daughter will love you all your life." Carew nods thoughtfully. "That's really true, isn't it," he says. The man walks off, waving. Carew calls after him, "Good luck, and take care of those girls."

It's nearing noon now and getting hot.

The game is over, and Stephanie's team has lost. It isn't something she broods about. In fact, as a joke, she stands in line with the autograph seekers. Her father playfully pushes her away. The Carews then stroll past several diamonds that make up this playground complex, Rod carrying his cameras and camera bag. They live only a few minutes from the playground and only 10 minutes from Anaheim Stadium. They reach the Wagoneer, and he piles his stuff in the back. The children will ride back with their mother in another car; he'll take the Wagoneer.

Later Carew says, "I'm glad I don't have a son. I wouldn't want a boy to go through the pressure of following in my footsteps. I see these other players bringing their sons into the clubhouse. The kids grow up around big league ball-players. They get to be big in school because of it. Then they have too much to live up to. It's too much. The

kids should be able to do whatever they want to do. It's bad enough, as it is, with my daughters. I've had kids ask my oldest daughter for my autograph. That's not right, I tell her, 'You're your own person. You don't have to do that.'"

Carew was born on a train transporting his mother, Olga, from the rural community of Gatun, Panama to the no less rural community of Ancon, which at least had a clinic. When Mrs. Carew went into labor, she was attended at first by a black nurse named Margaret Allen, who then sent the conductor to the white section of the train to bring back an American physician, Dr. Rodney Cline. The nurse became the boy's godmother, and the doctor was honored in another way: Mrs. Carew named her baby Rodney Cline Carew.

Carew's father, Eric, worked on the canal as a painter; his mother, now a hospital therapist in New York, was a maid.

Carew, his older brother and three sisters all slept in the same room. He learned to hit with a broomstick and a tennis ball when he was seven, but soon developed more sophisticated skills under the tutelage of his uncle, Joseph French, a physical education instructor. "I always had a talent for baseball," Carew says. "I was a superstar at 11." But not for long. That year he was stricken with rheumatic fever and hospitalized for six months. The illness may have widened the already wide breach between him and his macho father.

"I never felt close to my dad," Carew said one day while icing his sore knee. "I was very sick as a kid. There was always something wrong with me. I was timid and quiet. All that time I was in the hospital, my dad never came to see me. I don't know why. I was always very close to my mother. I've searched all these years to find out what was wrong between my dad and me. I never understood why it should be that way. I was a good student. I always did what I was told. I never bothered anyone. There wasn't a teacher in school who could say I was a bad kid."

"My older brother, who was bigger and stronger, was a holy terror. Maybe the reason my dad was so hard on me was that I wasn't healthy. My brother would fight in a minute. I'd always walk away. Once when I did walk away, my father beat me and told me to go back and fight and not come home until I had. I went back. What could I do? If I stayed home, my father would beat me some more. Well, the other kid knocked me down four times, but I thought, 'Better here than at home.' Eventually I got the better of him. Then the principal of the school called me in and hit my hands with a heavy belt. It looked like I was getting it everywhere."

"I ran away from home many times, only to return and get a whipping. I got so

continued



Reluctant autographer Carew obliges Pitcher Bert Blyleven's son, Todd.

Rod Carew

continued

tired of it. It seems like there was always something. Some days I'd see my dad coming home and I could just tell by the look on his face that something had gone wrong and that I was going to get whipped. I used to tell myself that one of these days I'll get out of this situation. I almost never see my dad now. I sent an invitation and an airline ticket for him to come from New York for our wedding. He never came. He met my wife and his grandchildren for the first time last year. It was awkward. Sometimes I feel for him. He's got a son accomplishing a lot of things that he can't share in."

When Rod was 15, the Carews moved to New York City to join his mother's younger brother, Clyde Scott. It was Scott who instilled a sense of family in a boy who was becoming increasingly alienated. "He told us that we had to stick together as a family in this country," says Rod. "We had to try to help each other in this strange place."

Carew had never been outside of Panama, and the sight of the huge city both fascinated and intimidated him. His English needed work, and he knew nothing of life on the streets. He developed a taste for movies, one he has never lost. Carew will still sit up past 3 or 4 a.m. watching television reruns of old Cagney films. In New York, the already lonely youngster turned further inward. "We didn't have any friends," he says. "The relatives all did everything together. I couldn't go back to my old neighborhoods—at 144th and Eighth and 151st and Amsterdam—and say to anybody, 'Hey, I know you.' I went to school and came home. I didn't get involved. Nobody on the block knew us. But then I was always a loner, even in Panama. My brother had more friends than I did. He was that kind of guy. I never really hung out."

With encouragement from his New York uncle, Carew continued playing baseball, although not at his high school, George Washington, because an after-school job in a grocery store took up his time for extracurricular activities. He

played in sandlot games at Macombs Dam Park, next door to Yankee Stadium. He was spotted there by an unpaid scout for the Twins. The next time Minnesota came to New York, Carew was given a tryout. The immaculate batting stroke had Twins officials gaping. A month later, he was signed and given a \$5,000 bonus. He spent three years in the minors, and then, in 1967, at the insistence of owner Calvin Griffith, he became the Minnesota second baseman. He had an-



Carew wiped up the '67 American League Rookie of the Year vote.

other ardent supporter that year in a Twins coach named Billy Martin. "I first saw him in spring training in Orlando," says Martin, "and I told Sam Mele, the manager then, that we had our second baseman. We knew even then that we had one helluva hitter." The faith was justified. Carew hit .292 and was named Rookie of the Year. Two years later, with Martin as his manager, he led the league in hitting for the first time, with a .332 average, and tied a major league record by stealing home seven times.

But Carew's rise was not without its dark side. His parents separated during this period, and though he was hardly attached to his father, the notion of a split in the family was difficult for him to ac-

cept. Martin recalls one occasion when Carew simply walked off the field after grounding out in the middle of a game. "I followed him into the clubhouse and found him there crying," Martin says. "He told me about his mom and dad. I'd had some experience with that, coming from a broken home myself, so we talked." Their personalities may be disparate, but Martin, like that other opposite, Jackson, is one of Carew's best friends. "He was my teacher," Carew says of Martin. "He was like a second father to me. I was young back then. I was quiet. People thought I was moody. Billy tried to get me to joke more with the guys, to take things less seriously. He'll always have a special place in my heart. He's Stephanie's godfather."

Carew wasn't a popular player in Minnesota during his first few years. He was criticized in the media for his temperamental outbursts and was booed by the fans for what they considered his lack of hustle. His right knee was torn up in June 1970, when Milwaukee's Mike Hegan slid into him trying to break up a double play. He underwent surgery for torn ligaments and played only 51 games that season. The rap against him after the injury was that he avoided contact and, therefore, was ineffective on the double play. Then, in October of '70, he married a white woman.

Marilynn Levy, born and raised in Minneapolis, was the youngest daughter of Morry Levy, a local businessman, and his wife, Selma. Marilyn was raised to be a nice Jewish girl, an upbringing that assumed she would someday marry a nice Jewish boy. "We were middle class," Marilyn said one day, seated under her husband's trophies, which include seven silver bats for the seven titles. "But my father worked 20 hours a day to keep us that way. For a while he owned a hand laundry, then a tavern and a clothing store, before he finally went into real estate. I got an associate of arts (two-year) degree from the University of Minnesota, but all I ever wanted was a hus-

band and to stay home and raise children."

On her 23rd birthday, Marilyn and a girl friend went for a drink at a Minneapolis bar called King Solomon's Mines. Carew, the newest star of the Twins, was there. "What happened," Marilyn explained, "is that this friend of Rod's wanted to meet my friend. I guess he thought that might be easier if he brought Rod Carew over to impress her. The trouble was, neither of us knew who Rod Carew was. 'Who's Rod Carew?' I said. 'If Tony Curtis is in here, bring him over.' Rod just looked at me and said, 'God, are you flaky.' Well, I didn't know what that meant, so I said, 'Look, I don't mind being sworn at, but I at least like to know what the words mean.' He asked me for my telephone number, and I gave it to him. So we started going out. I knew nothing was ever going to come of it, so I didn't say anything to my parents. I didn't want to put them through any unnecessary changes. Other girls Rod had gone out with had been proud to be seen with him. But I thought more about my parents' feelings than I did about his. Then when it got serious, I was ashamed that I hadn't said something."

This odd couple, the lively Jewish girl from the American Midwest and the quiet young black from Panama, separated for a time and then reunited. They announced their engagement at the Levy's Passover seder in 1970. Both families accepted the romance without protest. "My little nieces put up a sign on the wall at the seder, GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER," said Marilyn. "It was a popular Sidney Poitier movie of the time about mixed marriages. I took my mother to see it to prepare her." The families may have accepted the union, but some elements of the local community didn't. "We got death threats," said Marilyn, "threats from people who felt what we did was their business. My mother got calls from people saying, 'How could your daughter do this?' They were going to shoot Rod at second base." She stirred on the couch. "They must have thought we were trying to prove something. We weren't. We weren't crusaders. We were just two people who met in a bar and happened to fall in love."

Race and religion weren't problems for the newlyweds. Carew agreed to have his children raised in the Jewish faith,

and though he has never converted, he has done the reading, observes the holidays and, in Marilyn's opinion, is more religious than she is. The problem they did face in the early days of the marriage was caused by baseball. "And that," said Marilyn, "would be the same if we both happened to be white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. When I got married, I never thought I'd have to spend so much time



Martin gave fatherly advice to an unhappy Carew

alone. I knew Rod had to travel, but the way I was brought up, my dad came home at six every night and we had picnics on Sunday. When the kids came, I found myself alone with them so much. I don't know if I could ever be considered a fan. When you're living the game, it's not the same. There are so many negatives to go with the positives. You never really feel your husband is your own until he walks in the house. That's when I see Rod, the family man. Otherwise, I have to share him. A lot of the time I don't want to, but you also have a responsibility to those people out there. He's a big part of their lives, after all. Once when the kids and I went down to spring training after he'd been gone three weeks, we

had to wait by the car outside the ball park for all the autograph seekers surrounding him to go before we could finally see him. It's the celebrity part that's difficult. Now we've got a balance. I have a role, he has a role. We both put a lot of trying into this marriage. We've worked hard to get where we are. And yes, if I had to, I'd do it all over again." She laughed. "Look, I've got a nice house, four dogs, three cats, three kids and Rodney. Put 'em in any order you want."

Marilyn realizes that baseball life was made easier for her because her husband was at least playing in her hometown. And as Carew's batting titles accumulated—in 1969, '72, '73, '74, '75, '77 and '78—his popularity rose. In 1976, he was shifted from second to first base, a move that would spare his injured leg from hard-sliding base runners and spare him the jeers of fans who accused him of avoiding those runners too readily. Carew hit .331 that year.

Then in '77 he had one of those unforgettable seasons. He hit higher than .400 for much of the season and finished at .388, with a league-leading 128 runs scored, 239 hits and 16 triples. He drove in 100 runs for the only time in his life and hit 14 homers, tying a career high set in '75. He also suffered mightily from the pressures of the .400 quest. "I just couldn't do anything or go anywhere without being approached by somebody," he says. "It's hard to give up your privacy like that. You can give up just so much of your time. I don't think you should be bothered wherever you go."

Carew led the league in '78 with a less attention-grabbing .333. He also arrived at a crossroads with the Twins. Carew had found a home in the Minneapolis area. "I enjoyed playing there," he says. "I had family and friends." But by the dizzy escalating major league pay scale, at \$170,000 a year he was woefully underpaid by Griffith, and he could not convince the old man to give him a five-year contract. Carew and Griffith had already reached the pay-me-or-trade-me impasse when Griffith delivered his now infamous oration to the Waseca, Minn. Lions Club on Sept. 28, 1978. Griffith was quoted as telling the Lions that Carew was a "damn fool" for signing a Twins contract when he could make so much more elsewhere. The caper, how-

continued

Rod Carew

continued

ever, was Griffith's assertion that he had moved the franchise from Washington, D.C. because "I found out you only had 15,000 blacks here. . . . We came here because you've got good, hard-working white people here." Carew had always been on friendly terms with his boss. "I was moody and temperamental when I first came up, but Calvin really stuck by me," he says. "He was honest with me. I could talk to him." But the Waseca speech was more than this intensely proud man could endure. "I'm not going to be another nigger on his plantation," he told newsmen when they sought his response to Griffith's unfortunate remarks.

Carew and Griffith patched up their differences shortly afterward. "We talked about it," says Carew. "It was just an unfortunate thing. He meant it one way and it came out the other. He'd always signed black players, and he always treated us well. I told him that as far as I was concerned it was all forgotten. I kind of regretted making any comment at all about what he said." But money was still a problem. "He couldn't pay me and I knew he couldn't." On Feb. 3, 1979, Carew was traded to the Angels for pitchers Paul Hartzell and Brad Havens, outfielder Ken Landreaux and infielder Dave Engle. He signed a five-year contract that would pay him upward of \$4 million.

Carew was leaving a team on which he was the only real star for one with a galaxy of them. Also, the Angels have also been a star-crossed team, and like so many luminaries before and after him, Carew got hurt—torn ligaments in his right thumb—in his first year at California. He played in just 110 games and hit "only" .318. He was up to a more normal .331 in '80, but he found now that he was being criticized for not driving in more runs—he had only 59 that year. There was also talk of a players strike. Fan reaction to that point had been decidedly anti-player, and there was booing from the grandstands. On May 22, 1980, when asked by reporters in Texas what he thought of the fan response, Carew replied undiplomatically, "The fans are as bad as the owners. They're fickle. They can't yell at their wives, so they come out to the ball park and yell at us." If he had heard booing before, he heard it for fair

now. Carew issued a formal apology, but he had difficulty shaking a new image as a spoiled modern ballplayer. In fact, Carew is about as modern as Willie Keeler. He simply doesn't take criticism lightly. "I'm a very outspoken person," he explains. "If I'm yelled at, I think I should be able to express my opinion."

The players did strike in '81, a year in which Carew hit .305, his lowest average

CAREW IN THE CLUTCH

These hitting stats belie the rap that Carew's bat gets cold as the game gets hot.

Year	Overall Average	Menon Base	Menon 2nd/3rd
1983	.435	.557	.469
1982	.319	.284	.228
1981	.305	.325	.309
1980	.331	.317	.286
1979	.318	.327	.351

COMPILED BY GEORGE GOODMAN

in 13 years. In 1982 he played most of the year one-handed, after his right hand was stepped on in an April 16 brawl with the Twins. Three bones were chipped, and as Carew says, "If my hands hurt, I'm going to hurt at the plate." Still, he hit .319. Unfortunately, he also made the last out of the 1982 league playoffs—a hard shot straight at Milwaukee Shortstop Robin Young with one on and two out and the score 4-3. Brewers. Milwaukee went on to the World Series, in which Carew has never played.

Aside from his knee, he's fit this year, and his popularity with fans and teammates has never been higher. Carew has always been gracious with advice to younger players, and it's not uncommon now to see him step aside during batting practice to help a youngster like Rick Adams with his swing. He has a running wager (for Cokes) with Foli, a lifetime 251 hitter, on who will get the most "hits" in batting practice, and he cheerfully allows Foli to change the rules on him. "What am I supposed to do?" protests Foli. "The guy's hitting .440. I've got to have some advantages." Carew is immensely popular with his teammates, although the normal clubhouse horseplay is beneath him. His great season, says

Foli, "couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

"I'll tell you what I think," says Jackson. "I think Rod Carew is a better person than he is a hitter. And not too many guys are better hitters."

Certainly not this year. Carew had had 24 multiple-hit games by the end of last week. And for those who say he doesn't hit in the clutch, the numbers in the box on this page show that he is having his best year ever with the Angels in pressure situations.

Carew is convinced that, after his 1977 experience, he will be able to deal with the tension of the .400 struggle. This time he will set the rules on his availability. Indeed, Carew has always seemed to play his own game, one slightly more purified than the grubby one his colleagues practice. In Carew's game there is fluidity of motion, not jerky-jerky action. There is grace and artistry, not mighty swings and misses. And the uniform is clean.

Carew is loading his camera equipment into a cab that will take him from the Angels' hotel in Seattle to the Kingdom. "If I bring along enough of this stuff, my hands will be too full to sign autographs," he says. He takes his seat beside the paraphernalia. He seems concerned. "Did you read the paper this morning?" he inquires of a fellow passenger. "This columnist is writing about Gaylord Perry not talking to the press. He says something to the effect that Gaylord better watch it because the reporters are the people who are going to decide whether he gets into the Hall of Fame." Carew's face clouds over. "Now see, that's the sort of thing that gets me. There should be only one way of judging whether a player belongs in the Hall, and that's on what he does on the field." He stares out the window for a moment. When he turns back, he's smiling. "But that's something that doesn't worry me at all, because I don't think about the Hall of Fame or anything like that. Honors don't mean much. I think people will remember me for the things I've done. Not that I care about statistics." He laughs. "When I want to find out how I'm doing, I just ask Reggie."

He's doing just fine, Reggie would be sure to tell him. As for the Hall of Fame, why ask?

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First Person

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

OFF BAJA, THE AUTHOR GETS A HOOK INTO A FISH WORTH CROWING ABOUT

It was a walk of more than a mile from El Presidente Hotel near Loreto, Mexico to the bay where I had been hooking more good fish in an hour or two early each evening than I ordinarily caught in a month of hard fishing back home in Oregon. My companion was a stray mongrel named Roberto, who hung around my wing of the hotel. He had the pointed nose of a raccoon, the huge ears of a mule deer, the curly, hairless tail of a pug, a mangy brown coat and the body of a short-legged, underfed goat. Of course, he had no notion of what he looked like, so he was as happy as any pedigreed show dog. I fed him scraps, and he followed me almost everywhere.

Six or eight hotel employees had warned me about the approaching storm. Their English was no better than my Spanish—I'd taken two years in high school in the 1950s, and so far I'd had no occasion to ask anyone the location of his house or burro—and I hadn't been able to make it clear to them that I not only realized a storm was coming, I was looking forward to it. Abrupt changes in weather often improve freshwater fishing dramatically, so why not ocean fishing, too? I had a strong feeling that something exciting was going to happen. It was my third day in Loreto, and so far my angling instincts, developed on the coastal rivers of the Pacific Northwest, had served me well enough on the Sea of Cortés.

On that walk to the bay, I thought back about all that had happened thus far on my vacation. Four days earlier my plane had landed 550 miles down Mexico's Baja Peninsula at Loreto Aeropuerto Internacional, and no sooner had I arrived at the hotel five miles south of town than the negative news about the fishing began. Wherever you go—wherever I go, at any rate—it's always the same. You should have been here last week. You

ought to plan on coming again next month. It's too hot, too cold, too calm, too windy. Loreto had been too windy, and fish just weren't hitting. This I heard from assorted guests, lounging around the lobby, who had arrived a few days earlier.

When I talked to one of the hotel's fishing guides, things got more specific. He told me that my light tackle was next to useless, that flies wouldn't work in November, that I couldn't hope to catch fish from shore and that releasing them was silly, because sooner or later they would die anyway. The proper way to fish was from a boat, with a stiff trolling rod and 40-pound-test line—all of which he would gladly provide, for \$80 a day.

Despite the fact that I knew very little about ocean fishing in general and even less about this area in particular, I turned him down. I've always had a strong and, I realize, irrational reluctance to accept anyone's advice about anything.

I remembered the guide's supercilious smile when, four evenings later, I walked down the beach toward the bay, thunder rumbling a few miles behind me. Roberto

looked up at me mournfully and whined at the sound. I turned to look, and a huge mass of black cumulus clouds with a solid sheet of gray rain below it was moving in my direction and would reach me within minutes. As I watched, a bolt of lightning split the cloud mass and the thunder rumbled again, and I felt the first stirrings of a fresh warm wind. All day long the sea had been fairly calm, but now, about a mile out, whitecaps began to show.

Roberto whined again, and I walked a little faster. Just ahead of me, to my left, in shallow water a few yards offshore, a school of baitfish exploded from the water, and I saw the dark, quick shadow of a large fish moving just behind them. I was tempted to try a cast or two, but I held off and kept on going. Now, from about half a mile away, I could see pelicans circling over the bay, a lot of them, more than I'd seen there before, and they were diving, so baitfish were showing there—and big fish were feeding. Thunder boomed again, louder, and the first drops of warm rain pelted my back as I hurried along. Roberto began to prance around in nervous circles. "It's lousy weather for dogs, all right," I said to him.

I had discovered the little bay on the evening of my first full day in Loreto. I'd decided to jog down the beach to a rocky point and back to justify the big dinner I knew I was going to have, and when I reached the point, I found that it was possible to walk all the way around it on a shelf of rocks that were exposed by low tide. On the south side of the point I found the bay, and I immediately knew I had to fish it. Protected by the point itself from the offshore wind, it was deep and clear, and there were huge schools of baitfish—anchovies, I thought—visible just beneath the surface, moving in slowly undulating silver clouds.

With barely an hour of daylight left, I ran back to the hotel, grabbed my fly rod, ran back down to the point and walked as far out onto the shelf as I could get. In 45 minutes I hooked 10 good fish and landed six of them, the smallest about four pounds, the largest more than 10. They were lovely silver things, bright as polished coins, with serrated backs, dime-sized golden spots



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MCKINLEY

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FIRST PERSON *continued*

along their sides and sharp teeth that made releasing them tricky. Later, at dinner that evening, I described them to a hotel guest named Gordon who had been to Loreto often, and he told me they were called sierra.

The next evening, fishing from the same rock, I caught barracuda, ladyfish and more sierra, up to eight pounds. All I really wanted after that was one fish of 25 pounds or more. I had no doubt whatever that if I had a chance at a fish that size, it would hit a fly, and I had little doubt that, once hooked, a big fish could be played effectively on light tackle from shore. And thus, I was thinking now, was the storm that would make it happen.

Rain was pounding down by the time I reached the bay, pitting the smooth sand; the thunder was cracking and booming overhead; the wind was gusting in blasts; and I was feeling better all the time about my chances.

Roberto wasn't happy, though. When I started out over the shelf of rocks along the bay, he stopped to look at me, coat soaked and ears drooping, and then turned and trotted away toward the hotel. Before he had gone far, he was out of sight in the gray blanket of driving rain.

Climbing out along the rocks, I was almost frightened myself. The storm was centered directly overhead now, with the wind howling continuously and lightning flashing and thunder exploding violently every few seconds. The strongest gusts of wind, which came every minute or two, roared in from the Northeast with such force that, despite the partial protection afforded by the point, they very nearly blew me over a couple of times.

That bay was quite something—at least what I could see of it. Visibility had been reduced to 20 yards or so, but about 100 pelicans, somehow withstanding the wind, circled low over the water attacking batfish schools that were leaping everywhere, with feeding fish—they looked to be sierra—breaking through the surface after them in quick, furious slashes. For a couple of minutes all I did was watch, excited, awed to have found myself so close to so much life and death and violence. Some indefinable force near the heart of everything in nature was concentrated here.

And it was lucky that I stood for a while content to watch, because otherwise I might not have noticed the roosterfish. At the time I hadn't the slightest idea what it was, but I looked it up in my

continued

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fishing books when I got back home.

One of the most appealing things that I would learn about roosterfish is that very little is known about them. When and where they spawn is a mystery. They are thought to range from Peru into the Baja area and around the Galapagos Islands and are most commonly found from the surf zone to moderate depths. Small roosterfish travel in tight schools, while larger ones move in looser groups or alone. They reach lengths of five feet and weights of more than 100 pounds, and when chasing their prey they sometimes leap from the water half a dozen times in succession.

The roosterfish in the bay wasn't leaping clear of the water as it chased the baitfish schools, but it did show the seven-spined dorsal fin that, because of its resemblance to a cockscomb, gives the species its name. I'd been standing, looking out into the bay, for a minute or more the first time I saw it, about 10 yards out from my rock. Lightning lit the dark sky as it streaked by, heading straight for shore behind a cloud of baitfish, its back just inches beneath the surface, the spiny dorsal fin cutting a wake. It disappeared as the thunder boomed.

It must be 30 pounds, I thought to myself. But when you look down on a fish that way, it appears smaller than it really is. Maybe 50 pounds, I thought. My hands were shaking—not from the chill of wind or rain but from excitement—as I knotted the long-shanked Alaska Mary Ann steelhead fly to my 12-pound leader. I knew there would be no point in casting blindly. To throw a lure out and hope for the best was good enough when all you wanted was one of a school of feeding fish, but to hook a particular fish I would have to see it first, anticipate its direction and then hit it on the nose.

It was more luck than skill when I finally made the cast that connected. After several misses I saw the baitfish coming at me from the direction of the beach, straight along the line of rocks where I was standing. I stripped in line, dropped the coils of slack at my feet and dropped the fly into the water no more than 10 feet out from my rock on top of the

spraying baitfish. When the baitfish had passed I jerked the fly once, and that was it. Everything happened so fast that even though I was looking at the fly when the roosterfish hit it, all I saw was a dark blur. The slack line I had stripped in was gone and the fly reel was screeching, louder even than the thunderclap that exploded above me.

The fight lasted more than half an hour, and the storm raged through it all. My reel was loaded with 200 yards of nylon backing behind a 30-yard fly line, and on its initial run the fish peeled off all but 20 or 30 yards of the backing. He went out of the bay, straight to sea, and at first



I was sure he wouldn't stop until he had cleaned my reel of everything. When he finally did end his run and hold out there, somewhere in deep water, I wasn't sure I'd ever get him back for another look. My backing was stretched taut at a long, dangerous angle.

But 12-pound-test will take a surprising amount of pressure, and I used it all. For five minutes nothing happened. With both hands on the butt of the rod, which was braced against my hip, I leaned back hard, putting the weight of my body into the fight. I might just as well have been hooked to the bottom. Finally, though, I began to feel life at the end of the line. Though the fish didn't let me regain any backing, he was agitated enough to shake his head against the unrelenting pressure.

When 10 minutes had gone by, he ran out a few more yards of line, leaving me with next to nothing. Very luckily, I then began to get line back, slowly at first, just a few turns of the reel at a time, but it added up. Smoothly lifting back on the rod, reeling hard when I lowered the tip,

I recovered 75 or 100 yards. Then he ran again, but only 20 yards or so, and I never let up on the pressure.

The roosterfish made four or five more short runs as I humored him in, but he kept coming, a little easier all the time, and when I had almost half my backing on the reel the angle of the line in the water shifted upward. With the fish near the surface, gaining line became easier yet. Soon the end of the orange fly line slid back through the guides—always a welcome sight—and a little while after that the fish was visible through the clear, rain-splattered water, three or four feet beneath the surface, his nose all but touching the rock I was standing on. Then, when I tried to lift him toward the surface, he started off on another run that felt nearly as strong as his first one, but before he had gone 50 yards the fly came away.

When I reeled in line to look, I wasn't surprised. The hook had straightened out completely, as straight as a nail. I was glad, too. Things couldn't have ended more perfectly. I would have had to cut the leader anyway—getting a fish that size onto the rocks to remove a fly would have been impossible—and this way the fly was out and he was free again, with nothing worse than a sore mouth or jaw. I had proved enough to myself about big fish in Baja.

I started back for the hotel, through the storm, against the wind, squinting into the rain. Halfway back, the rain let up and the wind died down. The thunder could be heard well to the south now, and a patch of blue, rain-washed sky was already visible over Loreto. Roberto appeared at my side, soaked and bedraggled, ears still drooping, but with his pig's tail wagging happily.

"Hello, Roberto," I told him. "Buenas tardes. Big fish. ¡Pescado grande! Let's say 40 pounds, as an honest compromise. What's it like around here when people call the fishing good? ¿Cuarenta pounds! ¡Muy bueno! I'll be back for sure, Roberto, as soon as I can. Absolutamente, amigo. ¿Comprende?"

Roberto barked, as if he understood me—and then I began to think that maybe he actually did, that my Spanish was coming back already.

Sooner or later, it's going to come down. But only the wind knows where.

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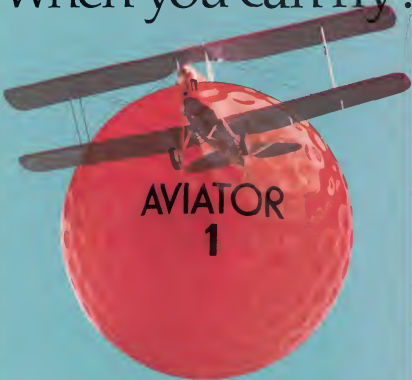
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

RATING HOLMES

Sir:

I agree with Pat Putnam's high estimation of Larry Holmes's boxing skills (*Holmes Had a Spoonful*, May 30). However, I am puzzled by his relegation of Holmes to a rank below that of Rocky Marciano and Sonny Liston. If there is a more overrated figure in boxing annals than Marciano, his name escapes me. Marciano's major victories—over Joe Louis, Jersey Joe Walcott and Ezzard Charles—came when his opponents were past their prime. Archie Moore, who at the time of his title bout with Marciano was at least 38 and an overblown light heavyweight to boot, actually dropped Rocky. Indeed, it seems unlikely that Marciano, with his singular lack of reach and height—no heavyweight champ since Tommy Burns has been shorter—would have been able to get past Holmes's pistonlike jab. This is not to mention the fits Holmes's dazzling combinations and superb footwork would have given him, or the fact that Marciano would not have been able to combat Holmes's most undervalued asset—his ring generalship. Moreover, Marciano fought in an era—the 1950s—that many of the sport's pundits regard as boxing's dark age.

Liston, on the other hand, was a heavyweight of no mean consequence, but he lacked the quickness and guile to be effective against a fighter of Holmes's transcendent abilities. One need only point to the arduous surgery performed on him by a young Muhammad Ali, a boxer whose style and execution resembled the current champion's, to get an idea of the difficulties Liston would have faced in a bout with Holmes.

WILLIAM MACDONALD
Windsor, Ontario

Sir:

Pat Putnam says, "Holmes falls short of only Joe Louis, Muhammad Ali, Sonny Liston and Rocky Marciano." Then he states that "all the rest" would have come up short, "some for no other reason than their antiquated styles."

I have a high regard for Holmes's boxing ability and power, but I can only assume that Putnam is too young to have ever watched Jack Dempsey, who in his prime would have demolished Ali. Marciano was an enigma. Liston was overrated, as was Ali. Louis was truly great. But if Putnam thinks that the styles of Gene Tunney, Harry Wills and Jack Johnson would have been no "match for the science of Holmes," I regret that I will never be able to take his bets.

JOHN T. MORGAN
West Hyannisport, Mass.

Sir:

The '30s and '40s were the decades when boxing attained its highest level, so the term "antiquated" can hardly be applied to men such as Jersey Joe Walcott, Ezzard Charles and Max Schmeling, all of whom I felt would have defeated a comparatively inexperienced Holmes. It can also be argued that the very lack of style of a man such as the frenzied, powerful Jack Dempsey would have proved too much for a rather methodical Holmes.

In comparing eras, all factors must be considered. How, for example, might Holmes have fared over 25 rounds (Jim Jeffries vs. Tom Sharkey, 1899) or 61 (Jim Corbett vs. Peter Jackson, 1891)?

STEVE VANCE
Dulton, Ga.

Sir:

Larry Holmes the fifth-best heavyweight of all time? What a joke! I realize it's not Holmes's fault that the heavyweight division hasn't been all that good for a few years, but in almost any other era there is no way he would have held the title.

J.A. YORK
San Rafael, Calif.

MONO LAKE

Sir:

Thank you! Thank you! The article *Is This a Holy Place?* (May 30) by Bill Gilbert concerning Mono Lake was an eloquent example of how environmental issues should be addressed. As a student in the School of Natural Resources at Ohio State, I am continually enlightened by your thought-provoking pieces on environmental matters.

ELAINE E. STADLER
North Royalton, Ohio

Sir:

I had the opportunity to work with Duane Georgeson and other Los Angeles Department of Water and Power officials last year as a Coro Foundation Fellow. Although I do not entirely agree with DWP's positions on the Mono Lake issue, I am in full agreement with the department's stance that unless an equal amount of comparably priced water is made available to Los Angeles to replace the water from Mono, no satisfactory end to this controversy can be reached.

No political decision should be made in a vacuum; any actions regarding Mono Lake could seriously affect the entire water supply of Southern California. If DWP's supply is cut, the City of Los Angeles will need to obtain water from some other system to replace whatever is lost. A possible source would be the Southern California Metropolitan Water District, which supplies most of the rest of

Southern California. Unfortunately, MWD does not have water to spare. As I understand the doctrine of public trust, under which this case will be decided, the effects on the rest of Southern California's population in the event that DWP's water supply is cut should be taken into consideration.

Just as DWP should recognize that Mono Lake must survive in some form hospitable to the life that it has fostered during the past million years, the Mono Lake Committee should recognize the far-reaching consequences of its position on all of Southern California, not just on the citizens of L.A.

LAWRENCE J. GOLDBRAND
Chicago

Sir:

Your article concerning Mono Lake was outstanding. Bill Gilbert did an excellent job, presenting both sides of the conflict.

However, the photograph of the bird identified as a bluebird appears to be of a violet-green swallow. While depletion of Mono Lake may not be as detrimental to this species as to grebes and gulls, decline in violet-green swallows might well occur. The shrinking of the lake would probably decrease the insect population on which the swallows feed.

Clearly, the stakes in this trade-off situation are high: the loss of up to 17% of DWP's water supply vs. the loss of natural resources that will be difficult or impossible to replace.

TIM POLL
Aurora, Colo.

Sir:

Roses are red,
St's face should be too;
That's a swallow, violet-green—
Not a cisteau bleu.

SILAS COOPER
Abbeville, La.

MARK TALBOTT

Sir:

The recent article by Franz Lidz on hardball squash champion Mark Talbott ("Born at E.T.'s Knee," May 14) was most refreshing and very descriptive of an athlete who is worth taking some notice of. I saw him play against Sharif Khan here in Rochester last fall and was very impressed.

After watching John McEnroe throw "fins" on the tennis court, it was nice to see Talbott contain himself on the squash court. It is also good to know that family and roots play an important part in Talbott's life and that, at the same time, a free spirit balances him out. Perhaps the flower children of the '60s did leave a legacy.

KAREN D. MACDONALD
Rochester, N.Y.

continued

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McENROE'S SHOT Sir

Curry Kirkpatrick's excellent article on WCT tennis (*And Suddenly He's a Man of Clay*, May 16) has caused a great debate between a counselor and a tennis coach at Superior (Wis.) Senior High. The tennis coach claims that John McEnroe's clinching shot in a tiebreaker against Ivan Lendl in the WTC Finals in Dallas was legal even though it curled between the net post and the net and then into the open court. The counselor agrees with SI that the shot wasn't legit. Who's right? The wager is meager but the bragging rights would be immense.

TOM LOKKEN (counselor)
MIKE PAHLEN (coach)
Superior, Wis.

• The counselor is correct, the shot was illegal. When a singles net is used, as it was in Dallas, says Colonel Nick Powell, chairman of the USTA's rules committee, the net is supposed to be flush with the net posts, which it was not during the McEnroe-Lendl match in question. Thus a shot like McEnroe's that goes between the post and the net occurs so rarely, Powell adds, that the umpire probably assumed the ball had gone around the outside of the post—a legal shot. Had a doubles

net been in use, however, such a shot would have been legal. In that case net sticks would have marked the boundaries of a singles net, and any ball that passed between the singles stick and the post would have been treated as though it had gone around the post.—ED.

BEWARE THE HEAT Sir

I commend Kenny Moore on his VIEWPOINT (May 23) on the dangers of heatstroke. It is a fine piece of responsible journalism and should cause all athletes to stop and ponder the point Moore made.

If endurance triathletes and distance runners have learned anything at all, it is that their bodies need to be regulated and monitored during intense training and competition, especially in the heat. Just think. If a runner with the highly trained capabilities of a Moore can run into serious trouble, how much additional care should the rest of us take when competing? There is always a tomorrow to try again. I hope, with the hot weather approaching, that your readers heed some very good advice.

JAMES BRESLIN
Staten Island, N.Y.

HOTSHOT Sir

In his recent column reviewing the television coverage of this past season's NBA playoffs (TV/RADIO, May 16), William Traffe described ESPN's Pepsi-Cola-sponsored Hotshot highlight feature as insipid, pubescent and boring. As the national runner-up in the 1980 Hotshot competition, I feel qualified to speak on behalf of its participants. The kids involved in this program work incredibly hard for a chance at this kind of television exposure, not to mention the opportunity to travel to NBA cities. The dedication this program inspires deserves acclaim, not unfair criticism. These kids may well be the ones we pay to see in the future.

Furthermore, I am surprised at SI. To criticize a professional is one thing, but to attack a program that offers young people a chance of a lifetime is entirely wrong.

COLLEEN BLICK
Wayzata, Minn.

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